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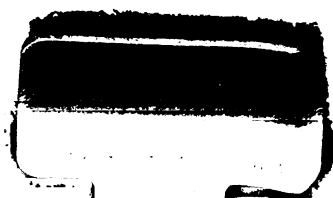
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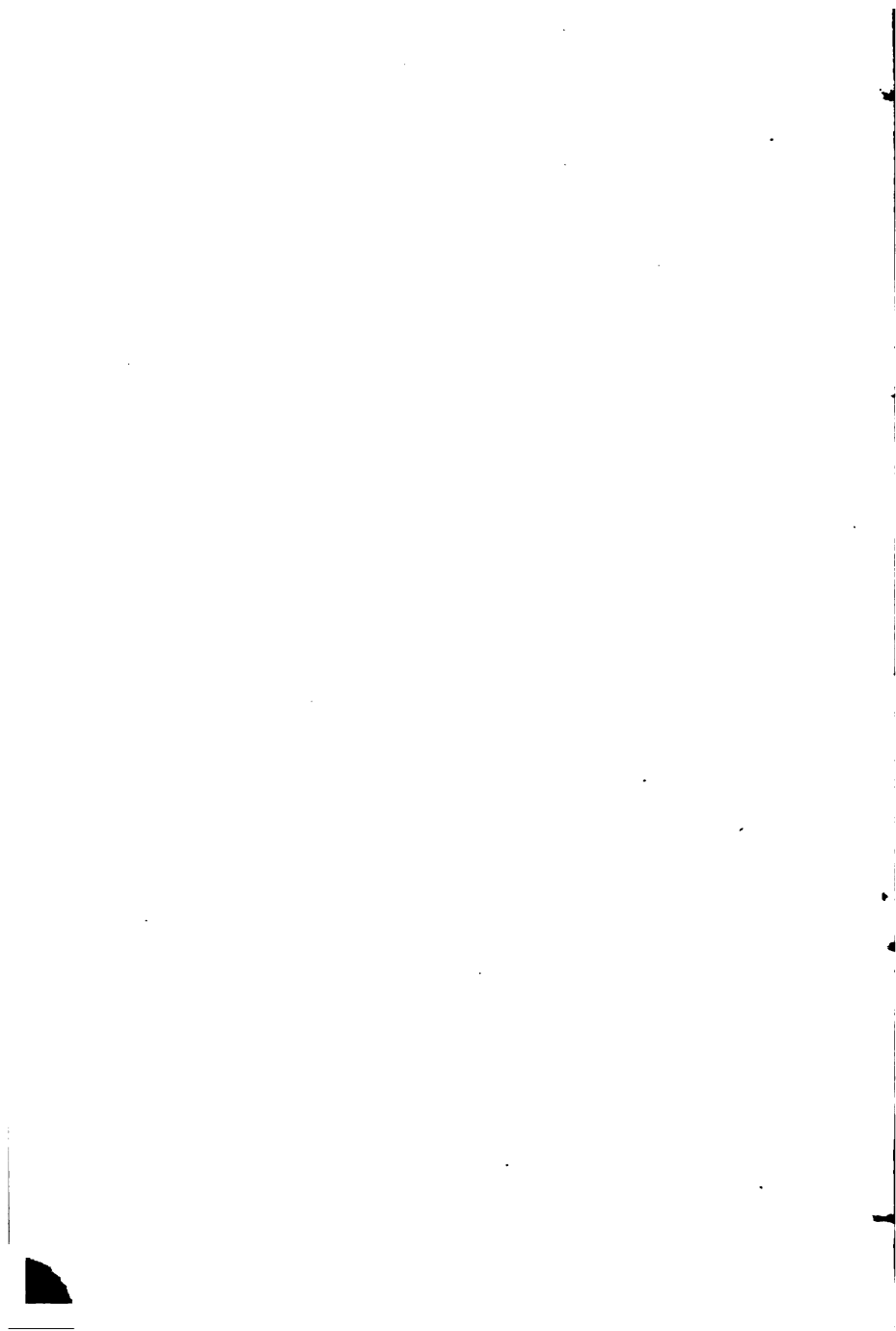


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Delight the Soul of Art



Delight the Soul of Art

FIVE LECTURES

BY ARTHUR JEROME
EDDY
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- I. DELIGHT : THE SOUL OF ART
- II. DELIGHT IN THE THOUGHT : SINCERITY AND CONVICTION
- III. DELIGHT IN THE THOUGHT : INSPIRATION
- IV. DELIGHT IN THE SYMBOL : EXPRESSION
- V. DELIGHT IN LABOR : THE END

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TO MY
MOTHER AND FATHER

THIS BOOK IS LOVINGLY
AND REVERENTLY
DEDICATED



I

DELIGHT: THE SOUL OF ART

OUR appreciations are sadly affected by our impressions. We read a book ; it interests us ; for the time being it seems about the best thing we have read for many a year. Influenced by the impression of the hour, we class the book as good literature and assign it a place among the books that live. But the hour passes, and in a space of time so brief as a year or two, the book has lived out its little life of popularity and is forgotten.

We see a picture ; there is something about it that appeals to us ; for the time being it may even fascinate ; yielding to the impression of the moment, we class it among the world's great paintings. But the moment passes, and in a few days, or weeks, or months the picture—like the book—has outlived its little life of popularity and is forgotten.

An impression is so much more vivid than a memory, it is difficult to institute just comparisons between that which is before us and that which we recall. To maintain one's composure in the presence of that which, for some reason or other, in-

DELIGHT: THE SOUL OF ART

terests us is almost impossible except to the very highly developed judicial temperament, a temperament which is the result of the long disciplining of one's impulses. Where is the man who cannot look back over a lifetime of impulsive and ephemeral appreciations? To most of us it is difficult to recall an instance where time proved our first impression correct. We like so many things a little while, and like so few for long.

Of the thousands of books published annually, how many are destined to live? The great majority are still-born; many survive a month or two and lapse into oblivion; a few may live a year; but fortunate, indeed, the world if of all the thousands printed there be one with strength enough to last a generation.

I speak not of works of science, history, philosophy,—books which treat of things for the sake of things; but of that nobler literature which treats in purer manner of the larger concerns of life for the sake of men. Not that the books ignored are unworthy discussion; they are as essential to a broad culture as other literature, but for the present we are interested primarily in art, and scientific, historical, and philosophical works are not primarily works of art. In them the subject is everything, the composition entirely subordinate save as compelled by logical sequence and the exigencies of exposition. In truth, it is by no means certain that charm in expression

DELIGHT: THE SOUL OF ART

does not positively detract from the value of a scientific, historical, or philosophical work ; the more exact and rugged the expression, the less apt is the mind to stray from the point. Many a serious work has suffered from a too-charming style.

Before proceeding further, it is necessary to attempt an answer to the old, old question, What is art? else we shall fall into the common error of talking an hour about a subject the very terms and vocabulary of which are understood in one sense by you and another by me.

What is art? The question is as old as man himself, for we have no records of men without some manifestation of the art-impulse ; and it is a question that has been answered in as many different ways as there are different minds. It may seem, therefore, presumptuous to attempt an answer here to-day in the limited time before us, and yet it is plain that, unless we can come to some understanding as to what is art, unless we can arrive at some common notions concerning the elements which distinguish that which is art from that which is not art, further discussion will be idle.

Man is the combination of thought and symbol ; thought striving to express itself, and symbol, the means whereby it achieves that end. The symbol may be sound, word, or song ; or it may be line, form, or structure ; it matters not. A cry

DELIGHT: THE SOUL OF ART

is the language of the child ; speech is the everyday utterance of the man ; the heart of the singer bursts forth in song ; the musician speaks in harmonies, the painter in line and color, the sculptor in form, the architect in structure, the poet in rhyme and rhythm,—and each is silent save in his own way.

Strive to compel the painter to express himself in rhyme and rhythm, and he stands voiceless ; strive to induce the singer to express himself in form or structure, and he is mute. Each possesses the faculty of speech for daily wants and daily intercourse ; but all finer aspirations, all purer convictions find expression in only the chosen symbol.

Now what is the distinction between thought-expression which is art and thought-expression which is not art ?

In its broadest significance, and in its very essence, art is delight in thought and symbol.

Mark the union,—art is delight in both the thought and the symbol. Without the double delight,—the combination of these two quite distinct delights,—there can be no art.

To the writer of prose there may come a beautiful fancy ; he delights in it and hastens to record his thought. He may write the most flowing, the most perfect prose, but as he writes he is still occupied with his thought ; his sole object is to find words which will best express it. The same fancy comes to the poet ; he, too, delights in it,

DELIGHT: THE SOUL OF ART

and seeks to record it; but when the poet touches pen to paper he is seized with a new and an entirely distinct delight, a delight in his method of expressing his thought; he may even permit his delight in his symbol, the flow of rhythm and ring of rhyme, to sweep him onward in forgetfulness of his first fancy,—all literature is filled with such examples. There are thousands of poems too long for their fancy; thousands of paintings too big for their thought; thousands of structures expressing conviction too slight.

Now and then a writer of prose expresses himself so finely, writes so well, that we feel instinctively and immediately not only the delight in the thought, but also a certain amount of delight in the manner of expressing the thought, in the style; and it is not uncommon to hear the phrases "poetic prose," "prose poems," etc.,—all indicating delight in thought united with a certain amount of delight in the mode of expressing the thought, and to the extent of the double delight such prose is art, for art, as we shall see, is by no means confined to the five so-called fine arts,—music, poetry, painting, sculpture, and architecture; no definition of art can be framed which will take in those five and no more.

No hard and fast line can be drawn between that which is art and that which is not art,—the one fades imperceptibly into the other. In the workaday world of to-day there is little man

DELIGHT: THE SOUL OF ART

does that has any element whatsoever of art in it, —either delight in thought or delight in symbol. The world of industry in this mechanical age is so ordered that little or no thought—conception, originality—is permitted a workman ; he is simply expected to do in a mechanical way the task before him, happy indeed if his day's labor does not consist entirely in watching some huge machine do *its* work instead of his ; and at the best permitted now and then faithfully to carry out the ideas of others as furnished him in models, drawings, blue-prints, and so on. What room is there for the art-impulse in such existences? How can delight enter into the thought where no thought is permitted? or into the symbol where all manifestation is mechanical? The operation of a machine may fascinate us as the wheels of a watch attract a child, but that is not delight, or any part, kind, or species of delight. The countless products of mechanical energy may fill us with a strange sort of satisfaction,—the sort of satisfaction that follows the contemplation of vast figures indicating national progress, population, and wealth ; but that is not delight ; it bears the same relation to delight that a garish modern electric light bears to the moonlight or the gracious splendor of the countless stars.

But even in this workaday world, in places most unexpected, in occupations most dreary, delight does now and then enter into both the

DELIGHT: THE SOUL OF ART

thought and the execution of the workman, and wherever this double delight is manifested there you find the beginning of art ; wherever you find a workman, whether a joiner, a smith, a mason, or what not, who takes a delight in some idea that is his own, and also a delight in the manifesting of that idea, the embodying of it, after the manner of his craft, there you find an artist and art. The artist may be clumsy, the art crude, but some of the purest art the world knows is very crude art,—pure because it is the very beginning of art,—art unsophisticated and unadulterated ; crude, because untutored and unconventional,—but art.

And in proportion as delight enters more and more into the thought and more and more into the symbol does the art become purer. All that distinguishes the ~~five so-called fine arts~~ from all other arts and occupations is that in them the element of delight finds greater play. It is obvious that in music, poetry, painting, sculpture, and architecture—perhaps somewhat in the order named, music and poetry being first—the element of delight finds greater scope, greater play, greater freedom, than in carpentry, masonry, and smithing, for instance ; or in wood-carving, pottery, or glass-work, though it is quite as obvious that the play of delight is freer in the three last named occupations than the preceding three ; in fact, exquisite examples of very fine and very pure art are found

DELIGHT: THE SOUL OF ART

in wood-carving, in pottery, and in glass-work ; but in the five so-called fine arts man has come to find his greatest freedom of expression, his purest and most serene delight,—delight less hampered by narrow limitations and sordid considerations, —though, alas ! architecture seems to have fallen from its once high estate.

Delight is the very soul of art. Without delight there can be no art. Whatever the surroundings and the circumstances of the artist ; however humble, however mean, however wretched, though each breath be drawn in pain, and every effort cost a sigh, yet must his work delight him, or it ceases to be art. And if perchance he yields to adverse circumstances, and under the pressure of necessity begins to produce either listlessly or feverishly, simply to sell, to gain a livelihood, and not because he is compelled by love,—then you may be sure his work becomes more and more mechanical, and less and less artistic. In the world about us how often do we see delight fade from the eyes of the poet, the painter, the sculptor, and despair or grim determination take its place. The enthusiasm of youth vanishes before sorrows and disappointments, or gives way with age to mercenary motives and sordid ambitions ; delight disappears, thought is labored, inspiration gone ; the artist becomes a plodder and a mechanic. There are great names in the art world of to-day whose work exhibits less delight, less spontaneity,

DELIGHT: THE SOUL OF ART

less enthusiasm, less art, than the veriest daubs of a clever and careless sign-painter.

So long as those of you who are students of art delight in your work there is hope for you ; lose that delight, you would better, a thousand times, cast brush and pencil far from you, and seek your fortune and find your level in some less ambitious sphere of life.

The trouble with our architecture nowadays is lack of delight in the work. There is plenty of research, a world of learning, a most industrious studying of all models, types, styles, and detail ; in short, there is abundant and laborious imitation, and endeavor to imitate without appearing to do so, but there is a woful lack of the delight which is essential to and ever accompanies original work. How can a man delight in appropriating a detail here, a detail there, in producing a whole which in the end is but the sum of ideas belonging to others ? The blight of organization has settled upon architecture until the offices of a modern architect resemble a factory ; each man has his particular work to do, is reared, trained, and educated to it, knows nothing else, does nothing else, and takes the same delight in his task that the carpenter or bricklayer takes in his,—neither more nor less. The system is bad, bad as can be, for it is subversive of the individual. The dome of St. Peter's is the symbol of Angelo's thought. It stands as the outward and veritable

DELIGHT: THE SOUL OF ART

expression of the godlike conception of a genius;
in its last analysis it is the voice of a soul.

"The hand that rounded Peter's dome
And joined the aisles of Christian Rom
Wrought in a sad sincerity ;
Himself from God he could not free ;
He builded better than he knew,—
The conscious stone to beauty grew."

—EMERSON.

If built to-day, a dome of St. Peter's would be the hybrid product of many minds, of many designers, draughtsmen, engineers, mechanics, firms, and corporations, with quite likely a dash of the corrupting influence of the body-politic, and the result would be what we see about us on lesser scales and in other forms.

A well-known writer has said, "Perhaps the greatest inconvenience is the remarkably small amount of thought of any kind that a modern building ever displays. An architect in practice never can afford many hours to the artistic elaboration of his design. The plans, the details, the specifications may occupy weeks,—in large buildings probably months,—but once drawn, it is done with. In almost all cases the pillars, the cornices, the windows, the details are not only repeated over and over again in every part, but are probably all borrowed from some other building or some other age, and, to save trouble, the one-half of the building is only a reversed tracing of the

DELIGHT: THE SOUL OF ART

other. In one glance you see it all. With four minutes' study you have mastered the whole design, and penetrated into every principle that has guided the architect in making it; and so difficult is it to express thought where utility must be consulted, and where design is controlled, by construction, that the result is generally meagre and unsatisfactory in the extreme. In a work of true art, such as a mediæval cathedral, for instance, the case is different. Not only is there built into it the accumulated thought of all the men who had occupied themselves with building during the preceding centuries, and each of whom had left his legacy of thought to be incorporated with the rest, but you have the dream and aspiration of the bishop who designed it; of all his clergy who took an interest in it; of the master-mason who was skilled in construction; of the carver, the painter, the glazier; of the host of men who each in his own craft knew all that had been done before them, and had spent their hours in struggling to surpass the works of their forefathers. It is more than even this: there is not one shaft, one moulding, one carving, not one chisel-mark in such a building that was not designed specially for the place where it is found, and which was not the best that the experience of the age could invent for the purposes to which it is applied; nothing was borrowed, and nothing that was designed for one purpose was used for another. You may

DELIGHT: THE SOUL OF ART

wander in such a building for weeks or for months and not know it all. A thought or a motive peeps out through every joint, and is manifest in every moulding, and the very stones speak to you with a voice as clear and as easily understood as the words of the poet or the teaching of the historian. Hence, in fact, the little interest we can ever feel in even the stateliest of modern buildings, and the undying, never-satisfied interest with which we study, over and over again, those which have been produced under a different and truer system of art."—FERGUSON.

The fault is not so much in the man as in the methods and requirements of to-day. There are still men who rear their structures in their fancy from foundation stone to turret-cap, who delight in their conceptions, and who would delight in the expression of those conceptions did circumstances permit; but those for whom they work, and the conditions under which they are compelled to work, will not permit. The question to-day is not, How well can you do it? but, How cheap? Few architects are met with the proposition, here is the site and here is the money, go on and do the best there is in you. So far is it otherwise that the rule is when they have done their best, when they have reduced their thought to plans and specifications, then comes the real work, a thousand and one changes to meet the requirements of a too, too practical patron. What think

DELIGHT: THE SOUL OF ART

you would be the result if you commanded the poet to change a rhythm or alter a rhyme, to cut off a stanza or omit a verse? The result would be doggerel, the poorest and wretchedest of doggerel,—exactly as much of our architecture is poor, wretched doggerel architecture from which the little delight that conceived it vanished before arbitrary requirements and mechanical methods.

The greatest misfortune that can happen a man is the loss of his personal identity, his individual responsibility to others and to himself for what he does.

It is not alone in the Fine Arts that delight is absolutely essential to artistic production, but in all handicrafts it is that without which the work lacks vitality. In days of old, when the man made the work in his own fashion, with variations corresponding to the personal equation, he took delight in that which he did, his very eccentricities pleased him, he expressed himself in his mannerisms and oddities ; the piece of hammered gold or silver, brass or iron ; the bit of carved wood or ivory ; the woven fabrics or embroidered cloth ; the chair of quaint design ; or wainscoting of panelled oak,—all were symbols of thought, all were expressions of character, and all imbued with that ever-present sense of delight which enabled the craftsman to achieve his end. The old is delightful ; the modern is dreary,—that is the distinction. Speaking ever and only in a pure sense,

DELIGHT: THE SOUL OF ART

that which has delighted the maker will delight the beholder ; that which was dreary to the maker will be dreary to the beholder. A copy betrays itself ; that which is stolen can never be hidden. The products of a family or a village or a province may be artistic because family, village, or province delights in producing things peculiarly and perhaps immemorially its own ; but the products of the average factory of to-day, with all its levelling, crushing, stupefying tendencies, can never by any possibility savor in the remotest degree of art ; and if by any chance you stumble upon a factory-product of some artistic excellence, be sure that upon investigation you will find an exceptional place where in some manner individuality is permitted to assert itself, and to some extent the workmen delight in what they do.

We talk of art-wall-papers, art-draperies, art-carpet, art-tapestries, art-hangings, art-furniture, and art-this and art-that until the very term art is fallen into disrepute : it is all radically and fundamentally false. Because an artist draws a design for a wall and the original design is art, because he who made it delighted in his thought and in his manner of expressing his thought, the product of the machine which mechanically reproduces that design day after day is no more art than is the product of the lithograph press which monotonously turns out colored lithographic copies of some original water-color. Machine

DELIGHT: THE SOUL OF ART

products are never art-products unless the machine is so simple as to be at all times subject to the will and responsive to the individual peculiarities of the worker; in short, if the machine, like the primitive looms of Oriental weavers, is simply a tool, the product may or may not be art according as the worker does or does not delight in both his thought and his own manner of expressing his thought.

In a square at Antwerp is an old well covered by a canopy of iron most delightfully wrought. It is attributed to Quentin Matsys, who began life as a blacksmith and ended as a painter. It has been well said "he lived in an age when single individuals were cunning in various branches of design," and he expressed himself with facility with hammer, file, chisel, brush, or pencil; in short, he was an artist, delighting in his thought and in his manner of expressing his thought whether he worked in iron or upon canvas. Whether the iron canopy of the ancient well of Antwerp be the work of Matsys or not, no one can look upon it without feeling that the man who wrought it delighted in his thought and in its manifestation in the traceries of the iron-work; it is a work of art, as truly a work of art as anything Matsys or anybody else ever painted,—though art of a lowlier kind.

Some sixty years ago some caves were discovered in northern Australia, the walls of which

DELIGHT: THE SOUL OF ART

were covered with paintings. Describing certain of these paintings, the discoverer says, "On the obliquely ascending roof-stones of the first cavern the white painted upper half of a human figure rose from a black back-ground. The head was surrounded by a crown of bright-red rays, probably intended to represent a head-dress. In the face, which was turned towards the observer, the eyes and nose were plainly marked, but the mouth was curiously wanting, as it was in all the other figures. The face was white and the eyes were black and bordered with red and yellow lines. On the arms, which hung down, the fingers were indicated by strokes. The short strokes which covered the body may have represented the scarification usual in Australia, or perhaps a garment of skin. The rock wall on the left bore a group of four heads in lively colors. From the mild expressions of their faces Grey took them to be women, and they seemed to be drawn so as to appear looking up at the principal figure described above; each had a very remarkable head-dress colored deep blue, and one wore a neck-band. The two lower figures had on a kind of dress, and one wore a girdle around the loins. Each of the four faces exhibited a totally different expression; and, although the mouth was wanting in all of them, two of them appeared to me rather good-looking. The whole picture was executed on a white ground. On the roof was a bright golden-

DELIGHT: THE SOUL OF ART

yellow elliptical figure, traversed by red-dotted lines and divided lengthwise by a white band edged with blue lines, within which was a kangaroo drawn in red, among some figures that appeared to represent spear-heads. By the side of this picture stood a human figure traced in red, bearing a red kangaroo on its shoulders, besides also a number of other figures of animals and men, which were very badly drawn."

All this reads like a description of some rude altar-piece.

"The most astonishing work, however, was awaiting the discoverer in the third cave. The principal figure therein was the figure of a man ten feet six inches high, clad from the chin downward in a red garment, reaching to the wrists and ankles, so that only the badly executed hands and feet were visible. The head of the figure was surrounded by a series of circular bands painted red, yellow, and white. Of the face only the eyes were given. A series of red lines were marked on the outer band so regularly that they seemed to express some kind of a meaning, but it was impossible to determine whether they were intended for written characters or only as an ornament."

These pictures are by no means the only examples of Australian art. "Rock figures are very common in the north. Stokes discovered on Depuch Island, a small island of the Forest group,

DELIGHT: THE SOUL OF ART

a whole gallery of pictures, or, more correctly, of reliefs, which were cut into the smooth rock wall. The red, hard crust of the rock had been removed from within the outlines of the figures, so that the designs were brought out in the original green color of the stone. Many of the representations, the subjects of which could be recognized at first glance, revealed great skill. Most of the reliefs represent animals,—a shark accompanied by a pilot-fish, a dog, a beetle, a crab, a kangaroo, etc., all executed as simple silhouettes, and nevertheless so strikingly characterized that they can indeed be recognized at first sight.” Of these primitive works of art, Stokes says, “The number of designs was so immense that the aborigines must have been amusing themselves for a long time in this innocent way. While I was looking at the different figures,—the men, animals, birds, weapons, implements, and scenes in the life of the savages,—I began to reflect on the singular mental bent that led those rude men, perhaps at particular seasons, to this solitary picture-gallery among the waves of the sea, to admire and add to the works of their fathers. They, without doubt, applied as much patience, labor, and enthusiasm to their works of art as Raphael and Michael Angelo to the wall-paintings in the Sistine Chapel and the Vatican, and perhaps the admiration and applause of their fellow-tribesmen filled them with the same delight as the favor of

DELIGHT: THE SOUL OF ART

popes and princes and the praise of the whole civilized world could give to the great Italian masters."

As long ago as 1803 an old writer on New South Wales remarked about the aborigines: "They have a taste for sculpture; most of their implements are decorated with rude carvings, which they make with pieces of shell, and on the rocks may be seen various figures of fishes, birds, swords, animals, etc., which are not badly represented."

There are examples of primitive art older by many thousands of years than these rude efforts of the Australians, yet in the pictures, drawings, carvings found in Australia we are about as close to the very beginnings of art as we can get, for peoples more primitive or lower in the scale of human development are not now to be found. Yet of them it is said "the talent for drawing seems to be more generally diffused than in Europe."

The Bushmen of South Africa, like the Australians, are great draughtsmen in their simple way. "All the tribes that live in the extreme north of America and Asia—the Tchuktchis, the Aleuts, and the Eskimos—are very fond of drawing; and there is hardly an ethnographical museum in which a few of their artistic productions cannot be seen. The dimensions of the pictures are, however, very modest. The monumental rock-

DELIGHT: THE SOUL OF ART

paintings of Australia and South Africa are not to be found in the north. The hyperborean artist scratches his figure in miniature on a walrus-tooth, or he paints it with red ochre and charcoal, which he has mixed with oil, on a piece of walrus hide. In other respects his representations have the same naturalistic character which the drawings of the Bushmen possess in common with those of the Australians." In carvings, the natives of the far north far surpass those of the equator; "in fact, we observe in their figures cut from bone the best achievements of primitive representative art. These little pieces of sculpture—they are all insignificant in size—represent either men or animals. The human figures are generally rather rudely executed, although they are still always sufficiently characterized; but they are certainly much inferior to the animal figures. But the latter are wonderful works. The various cetaceans—walruses, sea-dogs, bears, dogs, foxes, fishes, and birds; in short, all the animals that play any part in the life of the hyperboreans—are so sharply comprehended and so characteristically copied that the carvings might serve the zoölogist as objects of study. Nothing like them is found among the other hunting peoples of the present time. If we would see primitive sculptures of equal merit we must go back to the reindeer period."

So it seems that in the very childhood of the world the art-impulse is strongest and most dif-

DELIGHT: THE SOUL OF ART

fused, and as the world gets older the impulse seems to be confined to fewer and fewer, and art, like everything else, becomes specialized, yields to the increasing division and subdivision of labor, and becomes the calling of the few to the exclusion of the many. This is all wrong, for it is this tendency more than anything else which makes the great mass of modern productions not art.

The art-impulse is simply the union of the two delights,—delight in the thought, the fancy, the conception, and delight in the symbol, the expression, the execution. The combination of these two delights produces inevitably what we call the art-impulse. No child has ever lived that has not taken delight in some thought, fancy, idea; no child has ever lived that has not attempted, in a spirit of delight, to render objectively his thought or fancy, though the failure of the attempt result in disappointment. The art-impulse is common to all; the ability to achieve may be confined to comparatively few. Certain it is that nowadays the proportion of those who do carry out successfully, or even in part successfully, their art-impulses is smaller than ever before, and is rapidly decreasing. Art is no longer a part of our every-day life; no longer a part of the things that surround us. It is something apart, something we must seek to find, and the artist is looked upon in some sort as a favored individual with eyes that see things common men

DELIGHT: THE SOUL OF ART

cannot see, and hands that do things common men cannot do. Whereas the truth is, the artist is simply one who—whatever his rank in life, whatever his calling, whether blacksmith, goldsmith, wood-carver, cabinet-maker, painter, or poet—delights in some thought that is his own, and delights in expressing that thought in a manner peculiarly his own, and so much all men in some measure ought to be able to do.

But while delight is the very soul and essence of art,—and without delight there can be no art,— it is not all-sufficient.

We have already said that man at best is simply a thought striving to express itself.

In the great mass of literature the thought is either commonplace or matter-of-fact. This is especially true in scientific, historical, and philosophical literature. Wherever the thought concerns itself chiefly with data and logic, it must necessarily be more or less commonplace, and at the best very matter-of-fact. Important and impressive as are the facts of astronomy, for instance, they are no more artistic, no more poetic than the facts of mathematics or chemistry. It delights the scientist to discover new facts and formulate laws and principles ; but his delight is not in the thought itself, but in the discovered fact or formulated law ; his delight is in the objective realization rather than in the subjective conception. In his speculations, dreams, and

DELIGHT: THE SOUL OF ART

fancies the scientist may take delight, and those speculations, dreams, and fancies, those daring incursions into the realms of the unknown, those overleapings of the boundaries of knowledge, may lend themselves to artistic treatment, for the foundation of art is there,—namely, delight in the thought itself.

The modern builder's pleasure is not in the conception of the structure, but only in the progress and completion of the work. He finds his satisfaction in work well done, in the placing of stone upon stone, of beam to beam, until all is finished as others planned; in other words, his thought is to the last degree matter-of-fact. But the architect, who sees the structure rear itself first of all in his own mind, delights in the conception. In his fancy he adds porticos and turrets, embrasured windows and stately entrances, until the flow of line and dignity of mass cause him to shout with exultation. His delight is in his thought, and as the thought takes shape, the stately pile itself,—the symbol of his thought,—delights him. Were it not true that in times past men have lived who found this double delight in design and realization, architecture would have no claim to be ranked as one of the Fine Arts.

We have said enough to indicate clearly our line of argument.

To the production of a work of art in any line

DELIGHT: THE SOUL OF ART

of human effort three things are absolutely essential :

First, the soul of the worker must be filled with delight.

Second, he must delight in his thought.

Third, he must delight in the manner of expressing his thought.

Lacking any one of these essentials, the result is a failure as a work of art, however valuable and useful it may be for practical purposes.

It is apparent, therefore, that under no circumstances can mere copying of the work or ideas of others result in a work of art.

Take, by way of illustration, a copy of some great painting. The copy may be so faithful and so exact that all who see it are charmed for the moment ; or we may even suppose the original destroyed, the copy substituted, and the entire world deceived. And yet is the copy a work of art? Never ! never ! never ! In drawing and color, in every essential detail, it may be far superior to some wretched and insignificant original hanging beside it ; but for all time the wretched and insignificant work of a man who delighted in his own conception and in his own execution will remain a work of art, though so poor as to challenge ridicule while the work of the copyist is neither more nor less than a mechanical product. It may deceive the world, but it did not deceive him who painted it ; and he knew that he

DELIGHT: THE SOUL OF ART

was simply a wretched artisan, toiling for fraud or gain, and prostituting his talent. But the world is never wholly and completely deceived. We may not know why, but there is that within us which turns from the copy, discovers the deception, detects the imposture. But no matter what the world may think, we must take home to our hearts the conviction that the supreme test of a work of art is the attitude of the artist towards it, and not the attitude of others. If made a work of art by its creator, it will always remain a work of art, even though in time finer tastes and purer standards condemn it as indifferent art ; whereas, if not created a work of art in the beginning, the adulation of the ages cannot make of it that which it is not.

I once saw a middle-aged man patiently ploddingly, accurately copying Raphael's Virgin and Child in the National Gallery in London. He said he had been working over two years, on all the days the authorities and the sun permitted, but he was nearing the end even at the moment I addressed him. In truth, there seemed nothing more to do. The copy was so wonderfully accurate ; faithful in every detail ; color so closely matched, that it was hard to detect any difference. What time would do with the new, one dare not guess ; the old spoke for itself. I wondered why so much talent should be devoted to copying, and made some inquiries. It seemed he was no mere

DELIGHT: THE SOUL OF ART

professional copyist, but a teacher of art somewhere in London ; evidently a man of no little skill with the brush ; and he made this copy, not to sell in ordinary course, but with the expectation—and some promise—that on account of its faithfulness it would be purchased by a German publishing house for reproduction ; in short, his highest ambition for his work was not that it might be ever admired as a thing of beauty, but that it might be found so mechanically accurate as to be the medium for mechanical reproduction. His instinct was essentially the instinct of the artisan. In his own original work he may have taken delight in a small way, but it is altogether probable that his interest never rose very much above the immediate returns his work might bring.

Copies have their uses, and a man who can copy well and faithfully need not be ashamed of his work, even though in doing it he is an artisan rather than an artist, and providing always there be no intent to deceive or defraud. Copies are documents. Many of the finest works of antiquity are known to us only through copies. Before the destruction of the Parthenon, in 1687, the French artist Carrey made drawings of certain groups, and largely to his drawings do we owe our knowledge of the original designs. Paint and canvas in comparison with the years are short-lived ; marble crumbles with time ; the stones of the pyramids yield to the elements ; it is therefore essential that

DELIGHT: THE SOUL OF ART

photographs, engravings, drawings, duplicates, copies, and reproductions of every kind be preserved and scattered broadcast for the instruction and enjoyment of the many who will never see the originals. Beyond these legitimate purposes, copying has no place in art, and for even these useful purposes it is not art.

But it should be noted, no copy is or can be an exact copy, no translation is or can be an exact translation. It is in the departures from the original that the individuality of copyist or translator displays itself; and it is in their shortcomings or overcomings as copyists or translators that they manifest themselves as artists. The copy may not be like the original for two reasons,—the copyist may fail to grasp or wholly misunderstand the meaning of the original; or, understanding it, he may fall short or excel in execution; to the extent that he departs from the original is the work his own, and if he delights in such an expression of his own individuality, to that extent is he an artist. To the extent that the copy is a failure as a literal or mechanical copy, to that extent may it be in and of itself a work of art.

Genius is absorption and production; it is not recollection and reproduction; it utilizes, but does not copy; it absorbs the best the world has done and adds thereto. A literal translation is impossible. No two words mean exactly the same thing. No word has ever been used by two

DELIGHT: THE SOUL OF ART

different persons in precisely the same sense. No word has ever been repeated by the same individual with identically the same meaning expressed and unexpressed. Every word we use goes forth backed by the sum total of all we have seen, felt, read, thought, and dreamed,—in short, by our entire personality, and that personality changes from hour to hour. It is in the very nature of things that we should and must interpret the sayings and doings of others in the light of our own knowledge and experience. We make guesses more or less shrewd at what is really passing in the minds of those we converse with. Our capacity may be such that we understand the motives of the speaker better than the speaker himself, but the rule is otherwise. We are more apt to misunderstand than to understand.

If this be true in daily converse between man and man, friend and friend, where every facility is eagerly afforded for the clearest comprehension, how much more difficult to take from one language the thoughts of a poet whom his own generation did not understand, and translate them into another tongue. Who shall say what passed in Shakespeare's mind concerning the characteristics and sanity of Hamlet? The world has disputed for well-nigh three hundred years, and yet attempts are made to give in words of other tongues the meaning which is not clear from Shakespeare's own utterance,—an impossibility.

DELIGHT: THE SOUL OF ART

Translations must be attempted ; they have their uses, but their value must not be over-estimated. In scientific, historical, and philosophical works their value is in proportion to the faithfulness with which they translate the exact language and intention of the original ; and there are literal translations of poems, the sole aim of which is to render as exactly and literally as possible the words and meanings of the originals, but such translations are not in themselves works of art. The translator may delight in what he is so ploddingly and accurately and conscientiously accomplishing, but he delights not in either the thought or the manner of expressing the thought. There are, however, translations which are works of art, translations in which the translator delighted in both the thought and its expression, in which his own individuality is given full play. Such a translation is Fitzgerald's rendering of the "Rubaiyat" of Omar Khayyam. That Khayyam lived at Nishapur in the beginning of the twelfth century is known ; that he was a tent-maker and an astronomer is also known ; but what he really believed no man knows, and whether he belonged to this sect or that sect no man can tell ; according to some, his poems contain mystic allusions to the Deity ; according to others, he meant simply what he said and sang, the Epicurean philosophy, eat, drink, for to-morrow ye die. But what the Persian tent-maker really thought was of less im-

DELIGHT: THE SOUL OF ART

portance to Fitzgerald than his own reflections suggested by the original. The original appealed to him ; he accepted the old tent-maker at his word, and took delight in rendering in his own manner the original as he understood it ; and yet with his translation he took infinite pains. He himself said, "I suppose very few people have ever taken such pains in translation as I have, though certainly not to be literal."

His pains were spent in first understanding and absorbing the original, and then in expressing his own comprehension in exquisite verse.

The music of the following Rubaiy rings in our ears :

"Whether at Nishapur or Babylon,
Whether the cup with sweet or bitter run,
The wine of life keeps oozing drop by drop,
The leaves of life keep falling one by one."

In prose, the original said,—

"Since life flies, what matters it whether it be sweet or bitter? Since our soul must escape through our lips, what matters it whether it be at Nishapur or Babylon? Drink, then, for after thou and I art dust, the moon will for many days pass from her last to her first quarter, and from her first to her last."

The thought of the poet is caught by Fitzgerald,—the transitory nature of life,—not a new thought, but one as old as man. Beyond the

DELIGHT: THE SOUL OF ART

thought Fitzgerald takes only a word or two, and all the rest—the music, the poetry, the delight in thought, and symbol—are his.

Listen for a moment to the following rendering of the same by another :

“Our life will end, it flies on foot amain,
What boots it whether passed in joy or pain,
At Balkh or Nishapur? Come, fill your cup ;
We die ; but still the moon will wax and wane.”

What is it? A skilful and fairly successful attempt to English the original literally and at the same time versify the rendering. The translator delights less in his own thought, but is more intent upon getting the thought of the original as exactly into English as the exigencies of his rhyme and metre will permit.

“Our life will end, it flies on foot amain,” seems to lack both poetry and literalness. “Our life will end” is matter-of-fact, while “it flies on foot amain” is neither matter-of-fact nor poetry.

It is entirely permissible, though superfluous, to say in prose, “our life will end ;” a master may say it in poetry, but his context will constitute a setting. In neither prose nor poetry can it be said, with any sense of the fitness of things, that “Life flies on foot amain.” The only possible excuse for “amain” is the necessity of some word to rhyme with “pain.”

The man who wrote, “Our life will end, it flies

DELIGHT: THE SOUL OF ART

on foot amain," struggled with his thought and wrestled with his symbol. We miss the dreamy, melancholy music of,—

"Whether at Nishapur or Babylon,
Whether the cup with sweet or bitter run,
The wine of life keeps oozing drop by drop,
The leaves of life keep falling one by one."

Rubaiy XXI. is a successful and much more literal rendering of the original, which is as follows :

"O, my friend, come hither ; let us forget to-day and to-morrow, and this one short hour of life. When to-morrow we shall have abandoned this old dwelling-place, we shall become the contemporaries of all those who departed hence for the last seven thousand years."

In the words of Fitzgerald, this is :

"Oh, my Beloved, fill the cup that clears
To-day of past regrets and future fears ;
To-morrow ! Why, to-morrow I may be
Myself with yesterday's se'en thousand years."

Again Omar says,—

"Yesterday I beheld at the bazaar a potter smiting with all his force the clay he was kneading. The earth seemed to cry out to him, 'I also was such as thou ; treat me, therefore, less harshly !'"

This has been rendered by one translator as follows :

DELIGHT: THE SOUL OF ART

"I saw a busy potter by the way
Kneading with might and main a lump of clay ;
And, lo, the clay cried, 'Use me gently, pray,
I was a man myself but yesterday.'"

And by another :

"I saw a potter at his work to-day,
With rudest hand he shaped his yielding clay ;
'Oh, gently, brother, do not treat me thus ;
I too was once a man,' I heard it say."

Whereas Fitzgerald says,—

"For I remember stopping by the way
To watch a potter thumping his wet clay ;
And with its all-obliterated tongue
It murmured, 'Gently, brother, gently, pray.'"

In the one line, "And with its all-obliterated tongue," there is more poetry than is even remotely suggested in both the other renderings together. The man who wrote that line delighted in his own conceit and in the manner of its expression.

In a note to this particular Rubaiy, Fitzgerald gives this story from another Persian poet, Attar :

"A thirsty traveller drops his hand into a spring of water to drink from. By and by comes another, who draws up and drinks from an earthen bowl, and then departs, leaving his bowl behind him. The first traveller takes it up for another draught; but is surprised to find that the same water which has tasted sweet from his own hand tastes bitter

DELIGHT: THE SOUL OF ART

from the earthen bowl. But a voice tells him the clay from which the bowl is made was once a man; and into whatever shape renewed, can never lose the bitter flavor of mortality."

This tale Fitzgerald rendered in verse :

"One day the prophet at a river bank,
Dipping his lips into the channel, drank
A draught as sweet as honey. Then there came
One who an earthen pitcher from the same
Drew up, and drank; and after some short stay
Under the shadow, rose and went his way,
Leaving his earthen bowl. In which, anew
Thirsting, the prophet from the river drew
And drank from; but the water that came up
Sweet from the stream, drank bitter from the cup.
At which the prophet in a still surprise
For answer turning up to Heaven his eyes,
The vessel's earthen lips with answer ran,—
'The clay that I am made of once was man,
Who, dying, and resolved into the same
Obliterated earth from which he came,
Was for the potter dug and cleared in turn
Through long vicissitude of bowl and urn;
But howsoever moulded, still the pain
Of that first mortal anguish would retain,
And cast and recast for a thousand years
Would turn the sweetest water into tears.' "

The note is somewhat forced; the poet does not so thoroughly make the material his own. Oppressed by the original, there is none of the serene content which produced the line,—

"And with its all-obliterated tongue."

DELIGHT: THE SOUL OF ART

To close his very precious little volume, Fitzgerald seizes upon two widely separated and disconnected Rubaiyat, and welds them into one with great freedom. One original reads :

"Since no man dares play prophet for to-morrow, hasten to lift thy heavy-laden heart. Drain, O delightful moon, a crimson cup, for heaven's moon will turn aweary while and fail to find us."

And this is the second :

"O my friends, when I am sped, appoint a meeting; and when ye have met together, be ye glad thereof, and when the cup-bearer holds in her hand a flagon of old wine, then think of old Khayyam and drink to his memory."

Of these two, the following beautiful lines are made :

"Yon rising Moon that looks for us again,
How oft hereafter will she wax and wane ;
How oft hereafter, rising look for us
Through this same garden,—and for one in vain.

"And when like her, O Saki, you shall pass
Among the guests star-scattered on the grass,
And in your joyous errand reach the spot
Where I made one, turn down an empty glass."

A bare suggestion of the original made into verse as truly his own as if Fitzgerald had never heard of Khayyam. A critic, and himself a translator of the Persian poet, says, "But it is not as a translation that the English-speaking people

DELIGHT: THE SOUL OF ART

have accepted Fitzgerald's Rubaiyat into their literature ; it is as an original poem."

It is impossible that a literal rendering should have even the slightest artistic value. It may be in graceful prose or in good verse, showing that the translator had more or less delight in the manner of expression ; but unless the translator allows his own fancy some play, his work is not art.

Almost any day you may see students in the halls of a gallery seated close to some cast or painting, laboriously following the original line by line ; by and by, as the days pass, they sit farther away and the pencil moves with greater freedom and delight, until at length there comes a time when they simply look at the original, read it as a book, study it as a poem, no longer satisfied with the mere surface of things, seek to penetrate stone or canvas in search for the subtle meaning of the master ; and then in the fulness of their own understandings and convictions they turn away to create something of their own. Every art museum is a library ; you may enter to copy, or you may enter to read, or you may enter to write ; copy little, read much, and then write as your soul dictates.

I am told that an American artist in Japan once wanted some frames for the sketches he had made. He was directed by a friend to a Japanese mechanic who had not risen to the dignity

DELIGHT: THE SOUL OF ART

of a carpenter, but in a little shop of his own mended and repaired things. The artist explained what he wanted, the Japanese workman seemed interested, and promised to make a cheap frame with a little design of his own which he thought would be appropriate. The artist called again in a few days, and found his frame-maker working diligently on some pieces of wood ; calling again in a day or two, the carving had become finer and more delicate, the design was apparent,—some rushes, in and out of which little turtles were appearing and disappearing,—all done with great freedom and individuality. But as the artist stood watching the work a moment he saw something stir under the bench, and there tied to the leg of the bench was a small turtle moving about among the chips and shavings ; the workman was embarrassed, and said, apologetically, "You see I am not an artist, therefore I must have the little fellow to work from."

There is a world of moral in the little tale. Too constant resort to an original is a confession of weakness.

All things have their beginnings, and no man originates wholly and absolutely anything. Before the Hamlet we know there was an older play, and before that, "The Hystorie of Hamblet," and still earlier, the Danish historian Saxo Grammaticus ; yet all the art of Shakespeare's play is supremely and everlastingly his own. He was

DELIGHT: THE SOUL OF ART

given a skeleton ; to bones he moulded flesh and breathed therein the breath of life. His delight was in his own conception, his own creation, and his own method of expression.

There is nothing new under the sun save art. All facts, all truths, all data are old ; they may be discovered, lost, and, like buried cities from which the sands of the desert are swept, be discovered again, but when brought to light, they are still the self-same truths, the self-same facts ; but art is ever new, since it is of the individual, and is born and dies with every soul.

I have laid great stress upon this essential spiritual element, delight, and were I to speak nothing else, but simply reiterate the word, delight, delight, delight, until it remained ringing in your ears and moulded in your memory, my time would not be vainly spent, for in this busy Western world of ours we are all too apt to take delight in nothing and make a business of everything, including art. The very atmosphere of our art schools is not at all times an atmosphere of delight, but often—too often—an atmosphere of strenuous, labored striving, of mighty endeavor to get on ; yet within the four walls of this very building there are works the sight and daily contemplation of which should fill the soul with joy. At the far end of the main hall stands a cast of the Nike of Samothrake. It seems but yesterday I stood before the original in the Louvre in company with

DELIGHT: THE SOUL OF ART

one of the great painters of to-day, and he said that of all the pieces of sculpture he had ever seen, none aroused in him so much enthusiasm and exultation. Look at the wonderful poise of the figure, the sweep of the garment,—it is as if the north wind came visible,—headless, armless, footless; though but an heroic fragment, still do we miss nothing; the power of the unknown master encompasseth us about with a spell. Think you that he who wrought effects so grand delighted not in his work? Though he shivered with cold and lived on crusts snatched from hungry dogs, his was a song of victory as the stone flowed ductile to his thought. If doubt and dark despair of all success oppress you; if morbid thoughts or vain desires assail you; if the spirit of the age steal over you, and the wish to prosper at any cost, at any hazard, palsy your arm and dull your eye, then take your seat before this precious fragment of antiquity, drink in its pure inspiration, glory with it, exult with it, until your soul is filled anew with a love of the beautiful for the sake of the beautiful, and once more you will delight in that which you have to do.

I have insisted that delight in thought and symbol is the very touchstone of art. Without such delight there can be no art. If the worker delights in his thought and in his mode of expressing his thought, he is an artist, and the result is art. But it is plain that the measure of the

DELIGHT: THE SOUL OF ART

artist's delight is by no means the sole criterion of the value of his work ; something more is necessary ; his thought must be worthy and his method pure. If delight were all in all, the Epithalamium of Spenser would outrank poems which are its superior. Can you conceive song of wedding-morn more joyous ?

"Wake now my love, awake ! for it is time ;
The Rosy Morne long since left Tithones bed,
Already to her silver coche to clyme ;
And Phœbus gins to shew his glorious hed.
Hark, how the cheerefull birds do chant theyr laies
And carroll of Love's praise.
The merry Lark hir mattins sings aloft ;
The Thrush replyes ; the Mavis descant playes ;
The Ouzell shrills ; the Ruddock warbles soft ;
So goodly all agree, with sweet consent,
To this dayes merriment.
Ah ! my deere love, why doe ye sleepe thus long,
When meeter were that ye should now awake,
T'awayt the comming of your joyous make,
And hearken to the birds love-learned song,
The deawy leaves among !
For they of joy and pleasance to you sing,
That all the woods them answer, and their echo ring.

"O fayrest Phœbus ! father of the Muse !
If ever I did honor thee aright,
Or sing the thing that mote they mind delight,
Doe not thy servants simple boone refuse ;
But let this day, let this one day, be myne ;
Let all the rest be thine.
Then I thy soverayne praises loud wil sing,
That all the woods shal answer, and theyr eccho ring."

DELIGHT: THE SOUL OF ART

We may well doubt whether all recorded words contain a gladder, sweeter song than that, and yet it ranks not with the very grandest poems of our language. Wherein does it lack? In delight it soars above all but a chosen few; in facility and beauty of expression it is even superior to poems which we feel to be of nobler strain. Wherein, then, does it lack? In the thought, in the conception, in the inspiration. Well may a poet greet his wedding-day with joyous song; but, after all, the theme is not of serious and universal import; it moves us, but it moves us not profoundly. It is an air played in the treble, with none of the rich chords of seriousness and deeper notes of melancholy which inevitably swell the nobler anthems of life.

At the same time, you must bear in mind that, in speaking of Spenser and this particular song, we are dealing with a great name and a great poem, a poem the finest of its kind in our literature, but the kind falls short of nobler themes as nobly sung, and for the present I am striving to direct your attention to only the best things of all time, to ascertain some tests by which we may determine whether any given work of art is destined to live with the best things of all days and all places, or ranks only with good things of its day and century.

Every poem has its corresponding painting, every painting its corresponding piece of sculp-

DELIGHT: THE SOUL OF ART

ture, every piece of sculpture its corresponding expression in architecture, which means simply that these diverse means and methods are used to express human thought and feeling, and in their thoughts, feelings, and aspirations, poets do not differ materially from painters, nor sculptors from architects, save, perhaps, as in the long run the very medium a man adopts reacts, and, to a certain extent, modifies or moulds his thoughts. It is conceivable that the early enthusiasm and spontaneity of the architect may be chastened and sobered, aye, suppressed and stifled, by the huge masses he is compelled to deal with, by the difficulties of site and situation, by oppressive practical requirements, by consideration of expediency and cost; whereas the poet's fancy may rear its airy castles unhampered by any such restrictions; in the one the shoulders stoop and the back is bent beneath a weight of considerations utterly foreign to pure art-expression, while to the other wings are given to soar cloudward, the very facility of the method encouraging the most daring flights.

There are men who express themselves with rare facility in several mediums, though ever with greatest ease in some chosen one. The annals of literature and art are filled also with instances of men turned by circumstances from one medium to another; the work of such betrays the double longing. The Italian poet Aleardi,

DELIGHT: THE SOUL OF ART

whose father would not permit him to become a painter, says,—

“Not being allowed to use the pencil, I have used the pen. And precisely on this account my pen resembles too much a pencil ; precisely on this account I am often too much of a naturalist, and am too fond of losing myself in minute details. I am as one who in walking goes leisurely along, and stops every minute to observe the dash of light that breaks through the trees of the woods, the insect that alights on his hand, the leaf that falls on his head, a cloud, a wave, a streak of smoke ; in short, the thousand accidents that make creation so rich, so various, so poetical, and beyond which we evermore catch glimpses of that grand mysterious something, eternal, immense, benignant, and never inhuman or cruel, as some would have us believe, which is called God.”

I have already said that delight alone is not sufficient for the creation of a work of art, though it is an absolutely essential prerequisite ; the thought must be worthy and the method pure. The thought may be base and ignoble and flip-pant, or it may be shallow and unimportant ; or, on the other hand, the artist's conception may be profound, serious, noble ; in short, man's infinite moods may find expression in art, he speaks that which is in him, and that which he speaks is from his soul. With each stroke of the brush, each mark of the chisel, you betray your inmost selves.

DELIGHT: THE SOUL OF ART

On the objective side your technical facility may be very slight, your method very bad, or it may be good, or fine, or great.

All these considerations are of the utmost importance in rightly estimating a work of art, whether it be in music, poetry, painting, sculpture, or architecture; and it is exactly because most people fail to observe these distinctions that so many differences of opinion prevail as to the real or comparative merits of any given work. The critical faculty is essentially analytical; it seeks the component parts of things to get at the value of the whole. It is not enough to say that we like a book or that a certain painting is good. Who is to explain what we mean by "liking" a book, or by saying a painting is "good"? Nor do we ourselves, as a rule, know what we mean. The casual visitor to an art gallery asserts with self-conscious modesty, "I know nothing about art, but I know what I like." Alas, poor soul, he knows infinitely more about art than he knows about what he likes. What he likes he does not know at all; whereas he does know enough about art to distinguish one picture from another, and, in a general way, the difference between a portrait by Van Dyck and a chromo,—with very likely a decided preference for the latter. We all of us like many people without knowing them; and it often happens as we learn to know them we cease to like them. Just so with works of art; what

DELIGHT: THE SOUL OF ART

we like we rarely know, and what we know we rarely like,—which is equivalent to saying that when we know little we like much, as we know more we like less, but like the few things more. If, therefore, the casual gazer at paintings wished to be entirely and exactly truthful in his statement, he would say, "I know nothing about art, but I like what I like." That he knows nothing about art is probably obvious, that he likes what he likes is an irrefutable proposition; but that he has the slightest knowledge of what he is so contentedly gazing at is more than doubtful.

In the world of art we must learn to know things regardless of what we like, and we must learn to like the things we finally know to be good,—and this is one of the hardest things to do,—relentlessly to control, regulate, suppress our uneducated preferences; to insist rigidly that our likings shall in the long run yield to our judgments and to the judgments of those who know; and when at length we do like this work or that, we must be able to justify the preference, and coolly, calmly, impartially convince ourselves that we are right, or, at all events, that we have exhausted all our powers to be right. If we do this, we shall come more and more to like those works of art—and the number is not large—which the final judgment of the world has pronounced the best.

Let me enumerate once more the three essen-

DELIGHT: THE SOUL OF ART

tial elements which enter into the production of a work of art :

1. The spiritual element,—Delight (*a*).
2. The subjective element,—Thought (*b*) or Conception.
3. The objective element,—Symbol (*c*) or Expression.

From these three essential elements it is obvious seven combinations may result, any one of which means inferior art.

1. A given work may fall short in all three respects, (*a*) delight, (*b*) thought, (*c*) expression ; or,

2. It may exhibit in perfection the initial impulse, (*a*) delight, and yet fall short in both (*b*) thought and (*c*) expression ; or,

3. It may exhibit in perfection both the initial impulse, (*a*) delight, and (*b*) thought, but fall short in (*c*) expression ; or,

4. It may exhibit in perfection both the initial impulse, (*a*) delight, and (*c*) expression, but fall short in (*b*) thought ; or,

5. It may fall short in the manifestation of delight (*a*) and in thought (*b*), and yet be practically perfect in manner of expression (*c*) ; or,

6. It may fall short in delight (*a*), may be faulty in expression (*c*), and yet display the noblest and purest thought (*b*) ; or, finally,

7. It may be lacking in manifestation of delight (*a*), and yet exhibit in rare perfection nobleness

DELIGHT: THE SOUL OF ART

of purpose, thought (*b*), and marvellous technical facility, expression (*c*).

This leaves but the one combination essential to the production of a perfect work of art,—namely :

8. A pure and serene delight (*a*) ; noble and profound thought (*b*) ; the most perfect freedom and facility in technique (*c*) ; all so pre-eminently combined in one man at one time that great achievement is absolutely compelled.

When we speak of a work as lacking in this element or in that, entire absence of delight, or of thought, or of symbol, it is not meant, not at all. Each of the three elements must be present in some degree, else the work belongs not to art. There may be a minimum of one element, or of any two, or of all three ; but some delight, some thought, some technical facility must be present, and the delight, whether slight or much, must be manifest in the initial impulse, in the thought, and in the mode of expression. Where each element is absolutely essential, it is impossible to assign to one an importance denied another. It is the fashion to decry the thought and magnify the style, to say that it matters not what you paint so long as you paint it well ; all that is a pity, a very great pity, since it tends to convince the thoughtless and satisfy the shallow, to make men think that an empty head and vacant soul can produce something,—that out of nothing

DELIGHT: THE SOUL OF ART

something may come,—which is no less false in æsthetics than in physics. No amount of delight, no amount of technical facility, will ever make up for a lack of conviction.

If I were to attempt to measure the relative importance of the three elements,—delight, thought, symbol,—I would say that all works exhibiting in a pre-eminent degree the spiritual impulse delight, delight in the vocation, delight in the thought, however meagre, delight in the expression, however crude, will, as a rule, outrank all works in which the element of delight is minimized. It matters not how noble the thought or how perfect the execution, unless there is that feeling of delight, that spontaneity and enthusiasm which are absolutely essential to the production of any great work, the result is and must be inferior. You may clothe a fine conception in a garment of gold, but if the initial impulse be sordid and the effort labored, plodding, dreary, then the very soul of art is lacking.

In works of mediocre merit expression comes next in importance to delight. Mark you, I say in works of mediocre merit.

The supreme test of a great work is the thought, the message of the artist; and it is the thought, the conviction, the inspiration, that stamps a work as supremely great. In the world-beautiful there is a serene height, far above all storm clouds, far above the difficult peaks of the

DELIGHT: THE SOUL OF ART

loftiest mountains, where delight is assumed and the most perfect technical facility is assumed, and the test of beauty is the inspiration alone ; a few great souls have attained that height, and their work is judged according to the importance of the message, the depth, breadth, and sincerity of the conviction.

My understanding of schools of art and schools of music is that they teach the fundamental principles, the theories and practice of their arts, in order that all technical difficulties may be overcome, in order that you may speak, that you may make known without hinderance that which is within you ; after you have been taught how to express yourself, it remains for you to let the world know whether, after all the trouble that has been taken, you have a conviction worth expressing. But if your delight in your chosen vocation is such, and your delight in your technical facility is such, that you are bound to paint pictures, to write poems, to mould statues, even though your thought is of the slenderest, then, I say, skill, spontaneity, freshness in expression, are of very great importance. If the thought is shallow, the execution must be charming, else the work is flat, stale, and unprofitable. Nine-tenths of the work of to-day in all the fine arts has very little to sustain it except cleverness, ingenuity, and dash on the technical side,—this is very conspicuously true in painting ; reduce the

DELIGHT: THE SOUL OF ART

execution to a level with the thought and the result would be disastrous indeed.

Without spending more time in the almost vain attempt to determine under what condition one element, delight, thought, or expression may be of greater importance than another, this much may be said with some degree of positiveness,—that all works which fall short in but one of the elements outrank all works which are lacking in two or more. Delight plus expression though minus thought results in a good deal more interesting work than delight minus both thought and expression, and so on.

Furthermore, in the work of most men it is easy to detect the element which predominates, as, for instance, delight in the work of Franz Hals, and thought in the work of Rembrandt, whereas in the work of Velasquez all the elements are so harmoniously blended that he is king over all. Go visit the gallery above where hang side by side two pictures, one by Hals, the other by Rembrandt,—both unimportant works as compared with the more pretentious achievements of the two masters, and therefore possibly all the more useful for the purposes of illustration. They hang so close together you can take both in at a glance. What is the first impression? Is it not of careless delight in Hals and of serious thoughtfulness in Rembrandt? The one is the very embodiment of freshness, dash, and bril-

DELIGHT: THE SOUL OF ART

liancy in execution, of every facility in accomplishment; the other savors more, far more, of sombre intention and studied execution. There is not a line, not a brush-stroke, in the Rembrandt which compares in delight and facility with the painting of the white collar in the Hals; and yet we feel the force of Rembrandt's profound conviction, and the picture of the homely young girl leaning out of the window commands our serious admiration. But no amount of reputation, no amount of sentiment, should blind us to the abundant delight which is the conspicuous element in the work of Hals, and which, united with a brilliant technical facility, makes him one of the world's very great painters. Had his life been somewhat different, had he possessed some—not too much—of Rembrandt's seriousness and thoughtfulness, he would have easily rivalled his great compeer.

Unhappily, we have at hand nothing of Velasquez, and immediate comparison is therefore impossible. But I well recall the little "Infante" in the Louvre, which I saw one day in company with the greatest of living painters; and I remember how he went up to it and ran his fingers over the picture,—without touching the canvas,—murmuring softly to himself, "Pretty, pretty, pretty!" And it was pretty, for in that one little picture is displayed all the delight and facility of Hals in finer and purer finish, and the conviction of Rem-

DELIGHT: THE SOUL OF ART

brandt in serener mood. The most perfect serenity is the characteristic of Velasquez. He lived in a world and an atmosphere which tended to elevate, whereas the surroundings of Rembrandt, especially after the death of his first wife and towards the close of his career, were sombre and oppressive in the extreme. No kings and queens and courtiers, little princes and princesses, tended to liven his fancy and present the problems of life and nature in attractive garb ; but alone and unaided, in a country gray and dreary as compared with Spain, amidst people of little sympathy, under circumstances of distress, he was left to struggle alone with his mighty conceptions. Little wonder his canvases wear the sober hue of melancholy, and sometimes betray a sense of effort, of labored striving after something not fully realized even in the mind of the artist himself. Without knowing it, the soul of Rembrandt longed for the skies of Italy and the suns of Spain,—those joyous climes which he stubbornly refused to see.

I have barely mentioned these three great names in the world of art, Franz Hals, Rembrandt, and Velasquez, with no thought of instituting anything like exact comparisons, but simply to illustrate our argument, to point out how the three elements which we have been discussing display themselves in the collective works of different men, and even in particular examples ; and how, by seeking out these elements, we may

DELIGHT: THE SOUL OF ART

better judge the real and comparative merits of men and pictures instead of idly repeating the hackneyed phrases, "that man is good," "this man bad," "that picture is fine," "this one poor," etc., all of which convey no meaning whatsoever, unless those who hear are so intimately acquainted with us that, knowing our peculiarities, preferences, prejudices, and weaknesses, they know what we mean when we say a thing is good, or that it is bad. In all intercourse the words we use should, so far as possible, convey all we intend to say. We should not leave people to guess at what we mean from knowledge of our individual eccentricities; though, in truth, it must be ever said, language is so infirm a medium for the conveyance of thought that no man can fully express himself, and all men must guess at what perforce remains unsaid; hence there is less room for misunderstanding when you face a speaker than when you read the same words in print. In the one case you infer the real meaning from what is said, from your own experience, and, above all, from your immediate impression of the speaker's personality; in the other, you have only the words and your own experience to guide you, and you can only assume that the speaker used the words about as you would have used them had you been in his place.

We have dwelt long and earnestly upon delight, the soul of art; for the necessity is great.

DELIGHT: THE SOUL OF ART

The spirit of the age is creeping in and making itself felt, and the spirit of the age is not a spirit of delight. The gathering shadows which are even now enfolding this building in the embrace of night are not so dark, not so gloomy, not so depressing as the sordid aims, ambitions, and aspirations which stifle and weigh upon every effort towards art in this exceedingly practical and money-getting world of ours. Galleries, museums, schools,—all places devoted to art are so many oases in the vast desert of human endeavor. Like beleaguered soldiers shut fast within your fortress, you are fighting a gallant battle for the beautiful ; the odds are against you, the world is against you, Mammon and all his votaries are against you, and there are times when everything seems lost, but fight on, for conquer you must, and conquer you will. The seeker after beauty will find truth, and truth is the aim and end of all things.

II

DELIGHT IN THE THOUGHT: SINCERITY AND CONVICTION

IN our last talk we defined art as delight in thought and symbol, and the key-note of that lecture was delight. It is already plain that by delight we do not mean simply outward joyousness or exuberance of spirit. A man's soul may be filled with delight though his eyes are wet with tears ; the craftsman may delight in his work though his body be racked with agony ; the masterpiece may be at once the death and the triumph of the artist. The delight we have in mind is that supreme contentment which ever attends the expression of one's best self in one's own way.

Nor does delight necessarily mean that the subject itself must be pleasing. Shakespeare took the same delight in his tragedies that he took in his comedies ; the same delight in his thought and symbol. The sculptor who wrought the Laöcoon took the same delight in his conception and in his execution that the creator of the

DELIGHT IN THE THOUGHT:

Venus de Milo took in his. Or the point may be made plainer by noting that the delight of the actor may be the same in rendering the villain Iago as it is in rendering Romeo or Petruchio. Neither painter nor actor delights in the pain, or the degradation, or the villany of his characters. What he does delight in is the creation of a whole into which the characters fit. The surgeon feels the pain that his knife occasions, and his heart is filled with sympathy for the sufferer; yet at the time he experiences great satisfaction, possibly exultation, in the operation he has conceived and in his dexterity in carrying out his conceptions.

In short,—as already intimated,—the delight we have in mind is the attitude of the worker towards his work. Is it a labor of love, or is it mere drudgery? Is it the inevitable expression of a personality, or is it mechanical and monotonous? The scene may be a battle-field, or the interior of a hospital worked out with such realism that the onlooker turns away sick and faint at heart, and yet the delight of the artist may have been genuine indeed, and the work be genuine art; though it must be borne in mind that most works which startle and horrify are produced not as the result of any true delight in thought and symbol, but for the meretricious purpose of producing a sensation. Now, it is one thing to delight in the work one is doing, and it is quite another thing to delight in the sensation one expects

SINCERITY AND CONVICTION

to produce, which is the emotion of the mountebank.

We hear of art for art's sake, and art for truth's sake, and art for the sake of this, that, and the other ; but of all phases and forms of art, that for the sake of effect, for the sake of sensation, is the very cheapest. Unhappily, modern conditions are such that in painting and sculpture art for effect is a dominant motive. Pictures are painted not because the painter is impelled to express himself in the particular mode and manner chosen, not because he would paint for himself and regardless of all others, but to create an effect, to produce an impression, to cause a sensation, to advertise ; and sculptors work from the same base motives and for the same cheap ends. This sort of art may be very properly called salon art, since it is the annual salon and the host of major and minor exhibitions which foster and encourage it.

Paris is the centre for the manufacture of salon art, and year by year the vicious influences of the salon become more and more apparent, until the walls are filled with huge monstrosities, produced solely for the purpose of riveting the attention of the passing throng ; until students and artists have come to know that only the horrible, the *bizarre*, the grotesque, have any chance of making an impression ; that only pictures of mammoth proportions are looked at ; that the true, the serene, the beautiful are out of place and lost.

DELIGHT IN THE THOUGHT:

In the very nature of things, salon art must be for the most part poor and cheap art. What inducement is there to the painter to do his best in his own way, uninfluenced by others, and regardless of the extraordinary requirements and limitations of great exhibitions, when he knows that his picture will hang with thousands upon thousands of others in vast galleries ; that thousands upon thousands of people will hurry by each day ; that his chance of attracting so much as a passing glance is slight, indeed, unless he does something out of the ordinary, unless he produces an effect and creates a sensation ? The influence of the salon is pernicious in the extreme ; it is a great annual competition, the county fair of art, the fat stock show of painting ; it is looked forward to anxiously and back upon with regrets ; it absorbs the attention of the student and directs his energies until his one ambition is to gain acceptance ; to accomplish this end the sensations of the last salon are studied, not for what merit there may really be in them, but to find hints for greater sensations for the next exhibition.

It is not every one who succumbs to the salon ; now and then a man comes along whose poise is so perfect, whose individuality is so pronounced, whose convictions are so firm, that he conquers the salon ; but these chosen souls are few. For the most part the salon moulds those who yield to its seductions, suppresses in them what is natural,

SINCERITY AND CONVICTION

and leads them to adopt forced and artificial methods.

The watchword of the salon is success,—success at any cost ; it is the very tempter of commercialism.

All this leads up to the subject of to-day's talk.

So far we have ascertained the conditions essential to the production of any work of art to be :

First, delight,—the initial impulse.

Second, delight in the thought,—the subject.

Third, delight in the symbol,—the mode and manner of expression.

Assuming the delight of the artist, delight in both his thought and his symbol, we may now inquire into his message, his thought, his conception, his inspiration,—call it what you will,—I mean that within which seeks and finds expression in outward manifestation in some form, in song, music, poetry, painting, sculpture, architecture, or in the many lesser arts.

All action is significant. Every quiver of a muscle bears its relation to inward conditions. The mind may be empty, but its very emptiness betrays itself by a thousand manifestations, while a rich content of thought overflows in manifold ways. Art is expression refined, and the very foundation of art is the overwhelming impulse to express something ; therefore the importance of any work of art must be determined largely by the message it contains. The exhibition of

DELIGHT IN THE THOUGHT:

supreme joyousness, coupled with great strength and freedom in execution, may interest for the time being, but cannot wholly make up for lack of thought, lack of conviction, lack of that magnificent sincerity which, after all, is the conspicuous characteristic of the world's great art-works.

By message I do not mean a story or a moral. I do not believe in "literary art," I do not believe in "story-telling art," or in moral or didactic art. I do not believe in art for a purpose, or in any particular phase of art, or in any particular movement in art; or, more truly, I believe in all these things, but in none to the exclusion of the others.

That art is best which is the purest, freest, most spontaneous expression of the human soul and the human heart, and it matters not where such art be found,—whether amidst lowly surroundings or environment luxurious; in truth, it is far more apt to be found amidst the former than the latter.

There is no movement or school in art to be utterly despised; however barren, plodding, or dreary, however lacking in originality, brilliancy, dash, and mastery, everything the world has done has had its use, for there is evolution in art and in the development of the beautiful as in all things; and though we may despair our adverse conditions and indifferent achievement, all must come right in the end. The resources of life and nature are never wholly and absolutely wasted.

SINCERITY AND CONVICTION

The world is filled with plodders ; they are found in every sphere of life ; derided by the clever, scorned by genius, they plod steadily on day after day, fulfilling with mechanical precision their allotted tasks. How they do irritate the facile and brilliant, and yet they constitute the force,—the mass, so to speak,—which moves forward irresistibly ; they make up the rank and file of the army of which brilliancy, dash, and originality are the officers and genius the commanding general. We cannot all be captains, but we can all do the best there is in us, and try our best to appreciate the leadership of those who can do better.

The great artist does not choose his subject for an effect ; rather his subject finds him out, takes him unawares, and compels his hand. Many a man casts his eye about to see what others have done, fearful lest he do something that has been done before ; then he tries hard to think of a subject or a mode and method of treatment that will be new,—for such there is little hope. What matters it what others have done ? Though the centuries have painted the Christ-Child, the subject is yours if it appeals to you. Thousands of canvases portray the human features, yet every face you see is for you alone, and the portrait you paint will be unlike all others,—unlike them to exactly the extent you are an artist, and like them in so far as you are not.

DELIGHT IN THE THOUGHT:

Nothing is more common than to hear painters and sculptors, young and old, lament their inability to find a subject for a masterpiece ; they may search and search and they never will find the subject, but in the intervals of their seeking, when perhaps tired and disheartened they find rest and recreation in doing something of seemingly no importance whatsoever, the masterpiece takes shape and is finished.

Things done for effect are rarely done well. The picture painted for the salon is usually a poor, brazen daub. If you would sound the hidden recesses of the artist's heart, explore the dark corners of the studio, turn to the light forgotten canvases, sketches, fragments,—in these betrayals of the soul you will learn to know the man. There is "literary" art that is genuine, and "religious" art that is genuine, but only where the life of the artist, his dreams, hopes, and aspirations are of a literary, religious, moral, or didactic nature. There are men who cannot paint a picture without telling a story or pointing a moral, and their art is the natural expression of their temperament. There are preachers, philosophers, scientists, moralists, naturalists, humorists, novelists in art as well as in literature ; in other words, human nature in all its infinite variety manifests itself in many ways, and most completely in art. Art being essentially a mode of expression, different temperaments must work out different results.

SINCERITY AND CONVICTION

Artists are, first of all, men like other men, born and reared like other men ; their likes and dislikes, their tastes and preferences, are those of other men ; they are most unlike other men and most unlike one another in their modes of expression,—one man is impelled to preach to his fellow from a pulpit, another in rhyme and rhythm, another on canvas, another in marble and bronze, and so on, each exhibiting his own temperament in the language easiest to him. Now, the artist who would have been a preacher had his tongue been as eloquent as his brush is as natural in painting pictures with a moral, in endeavoring to preach with his art, as is the artist whose bent is narrative, and who would have written stories if he had not discovered he could paint them better. One man whose mood is philosophic and introspective finds utterance in prose, another in poetry, another in music, another in painting ; the message may be essentially the same, but the manner of utterance varies with the individual.

There are great divines in music and poetry as well as in the pulpit. At the present moment there are chemists and scientists working most industriously with the brush in the world of art ; all those experiments in light and color which have so long absorbed artists and students in France are quite as essentially scientific as experiments conducted in a laboratory.

The subject is simply that which the artist loves

DELIGHT IN THE THOUGHT:

to talk about, and the message is what he says. Every man has a subject concerning which he consciously or unconsciously thinks most and talks best,—I do not mean most fluently, but most earnestly and most interestingly. Save in those inspired moments which come to all men when, forgetful of surroundings, oblivious to all distractions, wholly and absolutely unconscious of self, they speak without check or hinderance, we speak slowly and haltingly concerning that which interests us most; the tongue is held in check by our ideas, the right words come reluctantly, and it is with difficulty we make ourselves understood; fluency is a mark of ignorance; the ready speaker is never a profound thinker; thought and silence go hand in hand,—like lovers who comprehend each other perfectly,—a word and disenchantment follows. Still, you must speak of that which lies nearest your heart, else the world will not listen; the great story-tellers of the world are those who have drawn most largely from their own experiences and observations. The greatness of Tolstoi lies in his fidelity to his ideas and convictions; every word he writes has its intimate relation to his own life, every character is in some sort an embodiment of his own universal personality; he is a child when writing of children, a young girl when writing of young girls, a man when he writes of men, and a seer when with daring hand he holds ajar the

SINCERITY AND CONVICTION

gates of death that we may peer beyond ; in everything he does we feel the overwhelming sense of the personality behind, the simplicity of the method, the utter absence of all striving for effect.

Poems should be written and pictures painted with the same sincerity and conviction. No man should say to himself, "Now, to-day I will write a poem ; to-day I will paint a picture." Better far to sit and think, to walk and think, but to think and think and think until in frenzy of discontent you can remain silent no longer, but must write or must paint to find relief. I would not decry the habit of application, the steady plodding perseverance whereby most men accomplish all they do, but you will do your best on those days when all the world cannot restrain you from your work ; for those are the rare hours in which the subject you have been seeking has found you out and called unto you.

Art is not measured by its pretensions, but by its inspiration. We may compare works according to their claims, but we finally judge them according to their merits, and there is no merit without truth, and no truth without sincerity, and no sincerity without conviction.

Let us speak of sincerity and then of conviction. Sincerity is the secret of expression, and since expression is the very end and aim of art, sincerity is the first great essential of true art.

DELIGHT IN THE THOUGHT:

A work may be clever, brilliant, strong, vigorous, original, but if it lacks sincerity, it cannot live beyond the gaping curiosity of the moment; it is not destined to immortality, it ranks not with the great things of the earth. The note may be a note of sadness or of gladness, of hope or of despair, of exultation or of depression,—it matters not,—if it be forced, or artificial, if it be wanting in sincerity, it is of little worth and moves not, whereas a very still, small voice, the true accents of which are well-nigh drowned by the world's hurly-burly, will catch the ear and rivet the attention if it comes straight from a human heart. A thing need not be loud and strong to command attention; the sternest of men pause at the wail of a child. Truth commands our allegiance, where error in its myriad forms but arouses scorn.

You may lack skill, you may halt and stumble, your hand may be heavy and your touch coarse, your voice harsh and forbidding, but if you have sincerity, if the message you are striving to utter is your own, and springs from the very depths of your soul, the world will listen, and your face is set in the direction of lasting achievement.

It is the fashion of the day to be trivial, to deal with the surfaces of things, to play with light and shade in painting, to trifle with the outward semblance of things in sculpture, to dilly-dally with rhymes in poetry, to let one's fancy play in architecture; art is lingering at its toilet; fascinated by

SINCERITY AND CONVICTION

powder-puff and patch, it forgets to be serious, and wonders why the world yields not to its complacent smirk. This will not do. You who are learning to paint will never become painters by simply learning how to wield a brush and mix pigments. If you have nothing to say in line and color, then drop painting, or rather turn to the practical and useful occupation of house painting. The only justification for your presence within the four walls of an art school is the feeling that paint you must, else the world will never know what you feel, dream, and love,—that you must paint, or be forever dumb. So, too, with those of you whose hands are learning to mould the yielding clay; if you do not feel that somehow or other you can and surely will express something in form which you cannot possibly express in words or in any other way, you would better wash your hands and find employment more useful elsewhere. The most gifted among you may not realize that their art is their tongue; they probably never stop to consider just why they are students, to take an inventory of their emotions, to analyze their impulses,—they simply know they love art and cannot help being artists. It, perhaps, amounts to little to tell those gifted ones they are like little children learning to speak and to write with brush or chisel; they would probably go on just the same, all their lives growing and developing in their art, living and dying without ever

DELIGHT IN THE THOUGHT:

fully realizing that all their lives they had been doing something more than producing pictures and statues,—namely, talking to a listening world. And yet it can do no harm for a man to understand the full significance of his art, to realize the full import of it; it may stay his hand when he would do a trivial thing, it may make him pause when he would do an unworthy thing; while to the many who are not greatly gifted it is important that they understand that by their art are they known, so that they may do all in their power to strengthen themselves where they are weak.

Your art is sure to betray you. You cannot conceal a lack of thought, a lack of sincerity, behind your brush or your chisel. Fromentin once said, "The art of painting is perhaps more indiscreet than any other. It is the uncontrovertible evidence of the painter's intellectual condition at the moment when he held the brush. What he cared most to do he has done; what he cared less for is revealed by his indecisive methods." Read that until its full significance is plain to you. That which you wish most to conceal you are surest to reveal; that which you wish most to express will remain undisclosed unless the motive is sincere. No striving after effect will hide for a moment the vacuity of your mind.

If I have dwelt seemingly too long upon the quality of sincerity, it is because sincerity is at the very foundation of good art, of true art, of vital art.

SINCERITY AND CONVICTION

It matters not whether you paint butterflies upon fans or the Holy Family to adorn a cathedral, your motive must be sincere, you must be doing that which you really and honestly want to do. To be sincere is not necessarily to be serious. To be sincere is to be natural, to be honest, to be spontaneous, to be true to one's convictions and impulses. One may be as sincere in acting as in playing a Beethoven symphony; in carving a bit of ivory as in moulding an Apollo. By nature we are all sincere; by training and association do we become false and artificial. Sincerity is a quality soon lost, a lustre soon dimmed; natural to children, it disappears with age; contact with people seems to destroy it, whereas close touch with nature serves to restore it, for nature is never insincere.

The point I am endeavoring to bring home to you may be illustrated by an example. Of all the men of this nineteenth century whom I have just now in mind, there is not one in whose life and works the quality of sincerity is more conspicuous than in the life and works of Jean François Millet. A really great draughtsman, a master of line, he was, from a technical point of view, a poor painter.

Fromentin spoke of him as follows: "An entirely original painter, high-minded and disposed to brooding, kind-hearted and genuinely rustic in nature, he has expressed things about the country and its inhabitants, about their toil, their melan-

DELIGHT IN THE THOUGHT:

choly, and the nobleness of their labor, which a Dutchman would never have discovered. He has represented them in a somewhat barbaric fashion, in a manner to which his idea gave a more expressive force than his hand possessed. The world has been grateful for his intentions ; it has recognized in his method something of the sensibility of a Burns, who was a little awkward in expression. But has he left good pictures behind him or not? Has his articulation of form, his method of expression,—I mean the envelopment without which his ideas could not exist,—the qualities of a good style of painting, and does it afford an enduring testimony? He stands out as a deep thinker if he is compared with Potter and Cuyp ; he is an enthralling dreamer if he is opposed to Terborg and Metsu, and he has something peculiarly noble compared with the trivialities of Steen, Ostade, and Brouwer. As a man he puts them all to the blush. Does he outweigh them as a painter?"

A more recent writer, an admirer of Millet's, answers this query as follows :

"No, Millet was not a good painter. Later generations, with which he will no longer be in touch through his ethereal greatness, if they consider his paintings alone, will scarcely understand the high estimation in which he is held at present ;" his pictures "had collectively a clumsiness, and a dry and heavy coloring, which are not merely

SINCERITY AND CONVICTION

old-fashioned, primitive, and antediluvian in comparison with the works of modern painters, but which fall far below the level of their own time in the quality of color. The conception in Millet's paintings is always admirable, but never the technique ; he makes his appeal as a poet only, and never as a painter. His painting is often anxiously careful, heavy, and thick, and looks as if it had been filled in with masonry ; it is dirty and dismal, and wanting in free and airy tones. Sometimes it is brutal and hard, and occasionally it is curiously indecisive in effect. Even his best pictures—'The Angelus' not excepted—give no æsthetic pleasure to the eye. The most ordinary fault in his painting is that it is soft, greasy, and woolly. He is not light enough with what should be light ; nor fleeting enough with what should be fleeting. And this defect is expressly felt in his treatment of clothes. They are of a massive, distressing solidity, as if moulded in brass, and not woven from linen and cloth. The same is true of his air, which has an oily and material effect. Even in 'The Gleaners' the aspect is cold and gloomy ; it is without the intensity of light which is shed through the atmosphere and streams over the earth eternally shifting."—MUTHER.

These very shortcomings on his technical side make Millet all the more valuable as an illustration of the great value of the quality of sincerity.

DELIGHT IN THE THOUGHT:

By sheer force of conviction he won his way, and left an indelible impress upon the world. A peasant, the son of a peasant, the descendant of generations of peasants, a part of the soil until past twenty, he once drew with a piece of charcoal a peasant upon a piece of white wall, and this rude drawing determined his vocation. At twenty-three, with six hundred francs in his pocket, he went to Delaroche in Paris, and became the butt of ridicule of both master and pupils. Leaving the school, pressed by want, he tried hard to make concessions to popular taste, and paint things that would sell, pictures of nude women, shepherdesses, bathing girls, but the public would not have them. Diaz said, "Your women bathing came from the cow-house." It was all in vain. These early attempts to earn bread fell flat. They did not live and breathe, but were simply lay figures dressed up for effect. Eleven years passed and he painted "The Winner," a type he had known, a picture from his heart; and he who had been like one struck dumb, making idle gestures, found his voice, and the world began to listen, though as yet he was like a John the Baptist crying in the wilderness. "Better turn bricklayer than paint against conviction," he said. He was thirty-five when he went to Barbizon; there he and his wife and his children boarded with a peasant, living in a small room where wheat was stored and bread baked

SINCERITY AND CONVICTION

twice a week. In winter he worked without a fire, his feet clad in thick straw shoes, a horse-cloth over his shoulders. He lived on credit, accepted a loaf of bread from Rousseau, and once received a hundred francs from Diaz at an opportune moment. He says, "I have received the hundred francs, and they came just at the right time ; neither my wife nor I had tasted food for four and twenty hours."

Under such conditions he painted "The Sower" and other masterpieces. For years brother artists were his best and most appreciative friends. Beneath the heaviness and clumsiness of the technique they recognized the hand of a giant ; through the thickness of the notes they heard the voice of a man and a poet ; after them came the public.

A sincerity so absolute and convincing as to become at times almost depressing is the secret of Millet's art. He painted that which he knew and understood and felt. In 1851 he wrote, "The most joyful thing I know is the peace, the silence, that one enjoys in the woods or on the tilled lands. One sees a poor, heavily laden creature with a bundle of fagots advancing from a narrow path in the fields. The manner in which this figure comes suddenly before one is a momentary reminder of the fundamental conditions of human life,—toil. On the tilled land around, one watches figures hoeing and digging.

DELIGHT IN THE THOUGHT:

One sees how this or that one rises and wipes away the sweat with the back of his hand. 'In the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat thy bread.' Is that merry, enlivening work, as some people would like to persuade us? And yet it is here that I find the true humanity, the great poetry."

In his studio were casts of the metopes of the Parthenon. He read the Bible, Shakespeare, Burns, Vasaris's Lives, and Theocritus; of the latter he said, "Theocritus makes it evident to me that one is never more Greek than when one simply renders one's own impressions, let them come whence they may."

A critic once wrote to him, "My dear Millet, you must sometimes see good-looking peasants and pretty country girls." He replied, "No doubt, but beauty does not lie in the face. It lies in the harmony between man and his industry. Your pretty country girls prefer to go up to town; it does not suit them to glean and gather fagots and pump water. Beauty is expression. When I paint a mother, I try to render her beautiful by the mere look she gives her child."

Of his sometime teacher Delaroche, and others like him, he said, "I have seen something of the theatrical world, and I am convinced that, by means of seeking to put themselves in another person's skin, they lost the consciousness of their own personality; they could only talk in the

SINCERITY AND CONVICTION

style of their parts ; and truth, common sense, and simple feeling for the plastic arts abandoned them. I think that if you would make art true and natural, you must keep aloof from the theatre."

If, then, all the world's a stage, and all the men and women players thereon, then nature is the only safe companion. But one must not shun life. Nature's noblest product is man, and the highest study of mankind is man, but the student must beware lest the pose of the subject interferes with the validity of the conclusion. Only the sanest mind can observe men with equanimity. It is so hard to get outside the world about us and take a bird's-eye view of humanity. Our impressions are controlled by our environment, and unconsciously we imitate where we should only observe. Therefore nature which is disinterested impresses us impartially. Her truths are obscured by no conventions ; her voice neither lisps nor stammers. It is ever safe to go to nature for inspiration ; her serene charms turn not the weakest head ; her calm voice has no siren note. But he who would look at his fellow-men and be himself unmoved must be among the chosen of the earth ; all the moods and passions of the human heart will pull and tug at his understanding ; a thousand desires, longings, and tender associations, a myriad of dislikes, aversions, and contempts will combine to

DELIGHT IN THE THOUGHT :

overthrow his judgment. Happy the man whose mental equipoise is so stable it cannot be shaken, and whose sympathy with all about him, however great, cannot disturb the serenity of his appreciations.

I do not say turn from man to nature ; far from it, for man is an infinitely more complex, and for that very reason an infinitely more worthy study than nature ; but make all due allowance for your own personality, and keep in mind the difficulties that will beset you, otherwise your observations will be at fault and your conclusions all wrong.

I have said much about Millet, not because he was more sincere than others whose names will readily occur to you, not because he was greater than many you will instantly call to mind, but because he was of this century, almost of our own generation, and because in one form or another his work is more or less familiar to you. Furthermore, I have mentioned him because his reputation rests more upon the one element, sincerity, than upon any other. But Millet's art was a sad and sober art, and I must again caution you against confounding sincerity with sadness and sobriety. In the painting of ballet-dancers Degas is as sincere as was Millet in painting peasants. If a man's whole heart is in his work, if he goes at it because he cannot help doing it, if he has no base or sordid motive, no ulterior end, aim, or ambition, then will his work bear the marks of sin-

SINCERITY AND CONVICTION

cerity, and challenge attention. The difference between the work of a man who has convictions and the work of a man who has only ambitions is vast indeed.

To still further illustrate my meaning, we will go to the far side of the globe,—to Japan, the land of flowers and the land of art. There is not one of you to whom the name of Hokusai is not familiar, and most of you no doubt know something about him. The secret of his success was sincerity united with a versatility and technical facility far greater than Millet's.

Towards the end of his long, long life he added to his name the epithet "Gwakio" (the fool of drawing), and he wrote of himself :

"From the age of six years I had a passion for drawing the forms of objects. Towards my fifteenth year I had published a number of designs ; but I am dissatisfied with all that I did before I was seventy years old. It was at the age of seventy-three that I fully understood the true form and nature of birds, fish, plants, and like things. Consequently, at the age of eighty I shall have made much progress ; at ninety I shall arrive at the real nature of things ; at a hundred I shall surely reach a superior height, something indefinable ; and at the age of a hundred and ten, be it a point or be it a line, all will be alive. I demand of those who shall live as long as myself to ask if I have not kept my word.

DELIGHT IN THE THOUGHT:

"Written at the age of seventy-five years by me, hitherto called Hokusai, to-day known as Gwakio Rojin, the old fool of designing."

Those are the words of a man who loved his art, not for the applause of the world,—for he received it not, the nobles and patrons of art in his own country despising him,—not for the profit it gave him, for that was meagre, but as a means of expression. His art was his voice. Of that art a sympathetic writer says,—

"Hokusai, when he designed for the engraver, was concise, rapid, impulsive, often rough ; but when, absorbed in the contemplation of nature, he painted for himself, his execution became fairy-like. It seems as if his brush became imbued with life, and followed in a sort of voluptuous delight the loving movements of his thoughts. At such times Hokusai had the artlessness of a tender soul lifted above the noise of the world ; he had the delicacy and the inspired touches which come only to an imagination absorbed in color, light, and truth.

"Nothing in nature was strange to him ; he designed equally well temples, palaces, houses, costumes, landscapes, flowers, trees, birds, fish, insects, subjects pleasant or grave, real or imaginary, every-day life or fashion ; he was truly universal. But that which above all attracted Hokusai was mankind.

"The leading quality, which justified his sur-

SINCERITY AND CONVICTION

name of 'Old Fool of Designing,' was the portraying of life with all the vigor of reality, and in the infinite variety of its manifestations ; the rendering of gesture, true, surprised, or guessed ; the play of attitude and of physiognomy. Gesture is with Hokusai wonderful in expression, in composition, and personality. Always and everywhere life, such was the maxim of this great artist. Everywhere are care for expression, the understanding of relief, an admirable discernment for that which should move and charm, and an inexhaustible perception of comic life."

I have appealed to these two men from opposite sides of the globe to show you that sincerity is the same the world over and in every branch of human endeavor. It is the attitude of the artist towards himself. Is he honest with himself? Does he believe in himself? or is he trifling with himself and trying to impose on himself as well as others? Those are the tests which determine one's sincerity, and not the character, the perfection, or the imperfection of the work turned out.

But sincerity alone is not sufficient to the production of a great work of art. There must be also intelligent conviction. Mark the words,—not simply conviction, but intelligent conviction ; conviction born of a full, fair, and impartial view of things. It is not enough to simply believe blindly, dogmatically, strenuously in something, but your belief must be founded upon an appre-

DELIGHT IN THE THOUGHT:

ciation of the proper relation and importance of things,—though, for the purposes of achievement, blind belief is better than any amount of intellectual scepticism.

I have spoken of Millet's sincerity,—that was his conspicuous characteristic ; but his conviction equalled his sincerity. His mind dwelt almost exclusively upon the vicissitudes of peasant life, but within the limits of his narrow field his convictions were profound. Concerning the lives of those who tilled the soil, who wrestled with the earth for a livelihood, he had something to say, something that he could not help saying. In 1883 he wrote :

“There are some who tell me that I deny the charms of the country. I find in it something far higher than charms,—infinite glories. I can see in it, as well as they, the little flowers of which the Saviour said that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of them. I see very well the golden aureoles of the dandelions, and the sun also, which spreads abroad, down there far away beyond the fields, his glory in the clouds ; but not the less for that, in the plains I see the smoke of the horses at the plough, or on stony hearted spot of land a back-broken man (I have been listening to his ‘haws’ since morning) painfully trying to raise himself upright for a moment to breathe. The tragedy is surrounded by glories. That is no expression of mine ; the ex-

SINCERITY AND CONVICTION

pression *le cri de la terre* was invented long ago."

The cry of the earth was ever ringing in Millet's soul, a voice scourging him on to renewed expression ; it permitted him not to slumber, it left him no peace ; the vision of the back-bent peasant striving with stony and stubborn soil was continually and persistently before him, and paint him, utter him, speak him Millet was compelled.

It was a long time before the world heeded that voice from the forests of Fontainebleau ; but it was not stilled ; it neither faltered nor quavered, but rather gained in volume as the conviction grew, until at length the world could turn a deaf ear no longer, but was forced to come, to see, to hear, and then to yield the acknowledgment which conviction always compels.

The world does not, and never did, consider Millet as a painter, but rather as a poet. His most enthusiastic critics unconsciously describe his paintings as if they were so many poems. One speaks as follows :

" At the door of his studio, near a wood, Millet assists at the eternal mystery and the joy of the seed-time, and paints his 'Sower' with a gesture full of beauty, confiding to the womb of the earth the seed that she will restore a hundred-fold. And again, when the grain has germinated, the blade of grass become an ear, the wind in the fields passed undulating through the heavy-headed corn,

DELIGHT IN THE THOUGHT:

and the time for harvest arrived, he paints the 'Reapers'; or, in another field, the laborers building the massive stack of hay, sloping it on one side against the impending storm, where, on the skirt of the forest, a black cloud charged with rain is struggling with the pale autumn sun; and the artist paints this broad landscape where, stooping to the weight of their forks, active, panting for breath, the 'Haymakers' redouble their energy to finish their task before the rain comes down.

"And, after the peasant's life, he paints the poetry of the fields and the hours of the day,—Morning, with tender-toned clouds streaked with rosy beams of the advancing light; the hot hour of Noon, and the repose of reapers; Evening, melancholy and silent, when it seems as if, little by little, black veils, gradually thickening, fall down one by one and envelop the earth; and the skirt of the forest is uncertain. (Is that a tree, or the indistinct outline of a haystack, or the farm-house roof, standing out against the sky?) And Night, contemplative, peaceful, full of vague sounds like sighs."

Of the "Sower," Theophile Gautier said,—

"The night is about to fall and to spread abroad its gray veils over the brown land. The sower marches in rhythmic step, casting the grain into the furrow, and he is followed by a flight of pilfering birds; gloomy rags are his covering; his

SINCERITY AND CONVICTION

head is coifed by a sort of *bizarre* bonnet ; he is bony and meagre underneath this livery of poverty, and yet life spreads from his broad hand, and with a proud gesture he, who has nothing, is spreading over the earth the bread of the future. At the other side of the hill, a last ray of light shows a pair of oxen coming to the end of their furrow, strong and gentle companions of man, whose reward will one day be their butchery. This glimmer is the only *clair* of the picture bathed in a sorrowful shadow and presenting to the eyes only, under a sky of clouds, a black soil newly torn by the plough."

All this is description of thought ; words of the imagination rather than language concerning painting. Millet's message entirely overshadows his technique. It is only by a word here and there that one is made to remember that his critics are writing about paintings. With Millet's art all this is inevitable ; his sincerity was so profound, his conviction so overwhelming and so obvious that the world was forced to listen to what he had to say, regardless of the manner and form of his saying. The lack of balance, of proportion between message and manner, is Millet's greatest shortcoming.

Consider for a moment the austere beauty of any noble piece of Greek sculpture. Its perfection consists in the exhibition of delight, conviction, and execution in perfect proportion ; no one

DELIGHT IN THE THOUGHT:

element can be dwelt upon and magnified to the exclusion of another. Standing before a mutilated fragment from the pediment of the Parthenon, one may try to decipher the sculptor's meaning from the half-obliterated lines, but whatever may be the play of the imagination in the presence of work so wonderful, so full of meaning, we can never for a moment lose sight of the harmonious flow of line and rare beauty of contour of, in short, the manner as distinguished from the message. Delight in the thought is there in the noblest degree, and delight in the execution is also present in purest form. Who can tell whether the message or the expression interested the sculptor more? There can be no such doubt for a moment before a painting by Millet; that his interest was centred in his subject, in his message, is perfectly plain. A peasant by Millet in a furrowed field tells far more of a particular phase of life than the reclining figure of the Parthenon; but the latter is incomparably more beautiful, exhibiting, as it does, infinitely more delight in the manner of expression, and expressing, as it does, a very noble conception. Too little is left of the ancient work to decipher clearly what the master had in mind, but the whole was a great poem, and the little that remains are fragments of a triumph of the imagination. It is as if all but a few hundred scattered fragments of Paradise Lost survived; we would not need the rest to determine

SINCERITY AND CONVICTION

the noble character of the whole, though the scheme of the poet were forever lost.

You may have technical facility and skill at which the world marvels, you may outrank all others in cleverness, in dash, in brilliancy, but if you are not sincere, your work will show it, and if you lack conviction you can never do a great thing ; I might say you can never do so much as a good thing. You will astonish and amaze, and may attract a school of admirers and followers, but you will never convince, and your day will pass, and with all your brilliancy you will die the death of a dog.

The art world to-day is filled with clever men, men who can do almost any thing with pen, brush, or chisel, men who seem to have the most perfect command, each over his respective medium ; and the end and aim of our art schools seems to be technical facility, dash, brilliancy, *bravura*. You worship the men who do things easily rather than the men who do things well. Nothing worth doing is done quickly. The masterpiece is the product of a lifetime ; it may bloom in the hour, but it developed in the years. Your life is your preparation ; the few years you spend studying and learning how to handle brush or chisel are but the breaking in of your hand, the subduing of refractory fingers, the mastery of obstinate muscles ; if your heart is not and has not been for long filled to overflowing with

DELIGHT IN THE THOUGHT:

things you feel you must speak, then is your technical facility acquired in vain. I dare say there are those among you who have laboriously and exactly drawn from the antique, lo, these many days, filling great clean white sheets of paper with painfully faithful outlines of the contours before them, and yet have never once really looked at the statue or cast, have never once really seen what they have so mechanically drawn. I might almost say that one never does see what one is at the time drawing. If you have not seen it, felt it, understood it, loved it before, no amount of drawing or copying will enable you to comprehend it. You must read your poem before you copy it, for the very work of copying is inconsistent with right comprehension. You must see, feel, and know your landscape before you so much as dream of painting it; in fact, the very thought of painting it should come at the very last, as the fruition of your understanding and of affection for your subject. Think you that Corot saw for the first time the glade he chose for a canvas? He may never have visited the particular spot before, though that is not probable; he may have been walking idly through the woods with canvas and easel, searching for a quiet spot to paint, and chanced upon the opening, but it was all a part of the one old and simple story to him; he did not choose it because it was new, or strange, or picturesque,—nothing of the kind;

SINCERITY AND CONVICTION

he chose it because it was so familiar to him, that though he had never been just there before, it was as if he had lived there all his life. He who goes in search of the picturesque is in search of failure. The picturesque is in you, or it is, so far as you are concerned, nowhere on the face of the earth. Beware of the man who paints strange countries ; if he is not of them by birth or second nature after long, long sojourn, then they are not of him and he but imposes on your ignorance. You can never feel that which amazes you ; you cannot love that which is strange to you ; your own doorstep is a part of you, the threshold of a castle is apart from you. You may reproduce what you see in strange lands with a fidelity more or less camera-like, but you cannot reproduce what you feel in strange lands, for your feelings are simply eager, restless curiosity, stimulated by surprise, amazement, or disappointment, as the case may be,—in other words, your feelings are childish, and not worth reproducing.

For the reasons indicated, Corot's range was limited. He repeated himself over and over again. He tried figures, but was not so successful. Comparatively late in life he did his best work. " His favorite season was the early spring, when the farthest twigs upon the boughs deck themselves with little leaves of tender green, which vibrate and quiver with the least breath of air. He had, moreover, a perfectly wonderful secret

DELIGHT IN THE THOUGHT:

of rendering the effect of the tiny blades of grass and the flowers which grow upon the meadows in June ; he delighted in the verge of any bank where tall bushes bend to the water, and he loved water itself in undetermined clearness and in the shifting glance of light, leaving it here in shadow, and touching it there with brightness ; the sky in the depths beneath wedded to the bright border of the pool or the vanishing outlines of the bank, and the clouds passing across the firmament, and here and there embracing a light shining fragment of the blue. He loved morning before sunrise, when the white mists hover over pools like a light veil of gauze, and gradually disperse at the first burst of the sun ; but he had a passion for evening which was almost greater ; he loved the soft vapors which gather in the gloom, thickening until they become pale grey, velvet mantles, as peace and rest descend upon the earth with the drawing on of night."—MUTHER.

With all this in his heart, it was not necessary for Corot to place his easel before the scene he wished to paint ; and if he did, the scene before him served more to arouse his imagination than to attract his observation. The same writer says,—

"Of all the Fontainebleau painters, Corot was the least a realist ; he was the least bound to the earth, and he was never bent upon any exact rendering of a part of nature. No doubt he

SINCERITY AND CONVICTION

worked much in the open air, but he worked far more in his studio ; he painted many scenes as they lay before him, but more often those which he only saw in his own mind. He is reported to have said on his death-bed, 'Last night I saw in a dream a landscape with a sky all rosy. It was charming, and still stands before me quite distinctly ; it will be marvellous to paint.' How many landscapes may he not thus have dreamed, and painted from the recollected vision ?

"For a young man, this would be a very dangerous method. For Corot it was the only one which allowed him to remain Corot, because in this way no unnecessary detail disturbed the pure, poetic reverie. He had spent his whole life in a dallying courtship with nature ever renewed. As a child he looked down from his attic window upon the wavering mists of the Seine ; as a school-boy in Rouen he wandered lost in his own fancies along the borders of the great river ; when he had grown older he went every year with his sister to a little country house in Ville d'Avray, which his father had bought for him in 1817. Here he stood in the open window, in the depth of the night, when every one was asleep, absorbed in looking at the sky and listening to the splash of waters and the rustling of leaves. Here he stayed quite alone. No sound disturbed his reveries, and unconsciously he drank in the soft, moist air and the delicate vapor rising from

DELIGHT IN THE THOUGHT:

the neighboring river. Everything was harmoniously reflected in his quick and eager spirit, and his eyes beheld the individual trait of nature floating in the universal life. He began not merely to see nature, but to feel her presence, like that of a beloved woman, to receive her very breath, and to hear the pulse of her heart."

Paint that which you have known longest, that which you have loved best, that which is so familiar to you that it does not seem worth the painting.

Leonardo was four years in painting that wonderful portrait, "Mona Lisa." Deeper and deeper did the artist penetrate beneath the superficialities of his sitter until, as the days and weeks and months and years went by, he reached the very soul, and painted a woman of more than flesh and blood, a woman of life and spirit. The witchery of that face haunts every beholder; it lingers with you, fascinates you; the canvas is a veil which scarce obscures the woman; she lives for you and me as once she lived for him who painted her.

Whistler's wonderful portrait of his mother, which hangs in the Luxembourg, possesses the same subtle fascination. What is there about this canvas of moderate size, with its simple arrangement, its quiet tones of gray and black, that so charms the lover of good and pure art? Who can tell? The subject is not sensational,—just a

SINCERITY AND CONVICTION

little old lady, sweet-faced, in cap and black gown, with her hands folded in her lap, seated in a room as quiet and restful as her own sweet soul ; the coloring is subdued, the composition simple ; the whole so retiring as to almost shun observation. The charm, the charm, where is the charm that challenged the quick appreciation of France and commanded the slower admiration of the world? It lurks somewhere within the lines of the simple frame ; find it if you can. Were I to make the rash attempt to aid you, I should say that the perfection of this refined and beautiful work lies in its manifestation of perfect proportion and balance between the artist's delight in his subject and his delight in his manner of expression. At a glance, it is evident the subject appealed to him ; that between him and his quiet sitter there was a bond of sympathy that made his work a labor of love ; the setting, the arrangement, shows Whistler's superb sense of the eternal fitness of things ; nothing could be added, nothing subtracted ; the perfection of simplicity, the perfection of art. Delight in his manner and mode of expression is so conspicuous in all Whistler's work that even the casual observer is impressed with this characteristic. All that he does is done in a manner so emphatically his own that on first impression it seems as if delight in manner quite overshadowed interest in the subject ; the portrait of his mother conspicuously, and

DELIGHT IN THE THOUGHT:

the portrait of Carlyle in almost equal degree, contradict the impression. In those works, as well as in many others less known, the marvellous facility of the artist is subdued to the complete expression of his intention. He uses no more words than exact and simple description requires ; not a superfluous stroke, nothing done for effect, but everywhere the reserve that is so important a factor in the doing of great things.

It has been said that Whistler paints the souls rather than the features of his sitters, that his portraits are wraith-like. All that may be true, and, if true, it is due to his many sittings ; sittings so protracted that he learns to know his subjects, to feel with them, to sympathize with them, sometimes to tire of them, and even dislike them. As his acquaintance with his sitter ripens, so does the portrait ripen. There is no man whose life and work betray profounder conviction and deeper sincerity. Absolutely and unswervingly true to the finest ideals, the ridicule of the world has but furnished amusement for his more idle hours ; but neither praise nor ridicule has caused him to so much as alter a line or deepen a tone. He never found it necessary to go far afield for subjects ; the Thames and the streets and suburbs of London, children and people about him, were quite as useful as princesses. In the glories of night, within the merciful gloom and enfolding shadows, he found beauty wherever it lurked, and etched

SINCERITY AND CONVICTION

and painted for himself; that is the secret of Whistler's success, as it is the secret of the success of all the great ones who preceded him; he worked for himself; if others ridiculed, it mattered little; if they praised, it mattered even less.

Rembrandt, Hals, Velasquez, painted best the men they knew best,—their patrons, friends, companions. The wife of Rubens appears in many a canvas. A strange model makes a strange picture. Pheidias looked not beyond the narrow confines of Greece for his types. Rodin to-day peoples an Inferno with men and women of the Paris he knows. Greatness is within you and not without. An Apollo will not inspire you if your own ideal be not finer and purer than anything your eyes can ever behold. Your hand is the instrument of your soul; strive not to make it the tool of your senses. Your eyes must be more than mirrors, idly reflecting every light and shadow that falls on them; rather must they be like the mystic pools of the old necromancers, gazing into the inky depths of which the terror-stricken subject saw the hidden secrets of his life revealed,—all simply the conjurings of his own excited imagination.

I have no sympathy with "Impressionism" in its cruder and ranker form, though believing firmly in impressionism in its pure and subtle realization. He who goes out into the world to seek an effect will find that which is not worth his

DELIGHT IN THE THOUGHT:

trouble. The conviction that a shadow is purple rather than brown or gray is not the sort of conviction upon which to hang a picture ; it is not conviction at all ; it is simply a scientific truth, or it is not.

The mathematical fact that two and two make four is not a conviction ; it has much to do with mechanics, but nothing to do with architecture. The rules of grammar never make poetry. All experiments in light and shade, in line and color, in form and mass, are interesting and have their uses ; but you must never confound the scientific inquiry with the artistic realization. The painter who strains his eyes to decompose a shadow will never paint a picture. The instantaneous photograph has done much to destroy the beauty of things and distort our views ; it has thrust the truth upon us too baldly ; it compels us to see things as they are and not as we know them ; it has disclosed all the hideous angularities of things and destroyed the flow of line and rhythm of motion. Our slower senses give the world about us time to prink and pose, to arrange itself for our understandings ; whereas the instantaneous camera catches all things *deshabillé*, in awkward situations,—the illusions which make life beautiful are destroyed, grace disappears ; no longer permitted to feel things, we are compelled to know them,—to know them, I should say, as the camera knows them ; not as they really are, for who can say

SINCERITY AND CONVICTION

what cameras yet undreamed of will disclose? Already they penetrate our bodies and shadow forth the beating heart. Through texture, flesh, and blood, they dart their magic rays; the glare of their glowing tube is like the eye of some infernal Cyclops seeking the very soul to destroy it. Shall the eye of the artist follow in this scientific chase and see things as the Röntgen rays see them? Rather, a thousand times rather, veil your eyes, and with vision half obscured view the world dreamily, mistily, poetically; by shutting out the glare of bald superficial reality, you are far more apt to get at the deep, subtle truths.

It is the reflection of the landscape on your own soul that produces the true picture. If your soul is shallow, the result will be trivial and worthless. It matters not what the outward view may be, to the small man it will seem small; to the great man, great. To a tempestuous nature the serenest day in June is a warring of the elements; to the trivial nature, a storm at sea is but a tumbling of the waters.

What we demand—or rather what we should demand—is not mechanical representation and reproduction, but the honest expression of the painter's or the poet's impressions. Most men wish a landscape painted as they see it, a portrait painted with camera-like fidelity to the sitter; but that is art of a very common order. Why should you or I wish the painting of a landscape to pre-

DELIGHT IN THE THOUGHT:

sent the scene as we see it? Better, far better, that we should go and look for ourselves. What we should want is a painting or a poem which frankly and sincerely describes the landscape as the painter or the poet saw it; a faithful transcript of his visions may be of infinitive charm to us, however strange the visions may seem.

In their criticisms of portraits, people are prone to look from the painting to the original, mechanically comparing line for line, feature for feature, finding fault if the painter has missed the slightest superficial spot or blemish,—this is a false attitude. We may regret that the painter did not see the subject as we do, that he missed the traits and characteristics we know and love, that he has made a friend harsh, or flippant, or superficial, or cynical, or too old, or too young, as the case may be; but we have no right to find fault if the portrait is the frank and honest expression of the painter's impression. The portrait may look so strange that we fail at first to recognize it; that does not matter, if the painter were sincere in painting it. A portrait by Whistler is the absolutely honest expression of the impression made by the subject on Whistler; if the portrait is unsatisfactory or indifferent, it is because the impression made was unsatisfactory or indifferent.

The merit of the portrait painter as an artist is inversely to the amount of the immediate satisfaction he gives to acquaintances, friends, and

SINCERITY AND CONVICTION

relatives of his sitters. The third generation is the first to recognize a great portrait.

In the controversy which raged in France over Rodin's "Balzac," the vast majority of those who participated seemed to lose sight of the fact that the value of the work lay not in any real or supposed likeness to Balzac,—that is a matter of comparative indifference,—but in the fact that the heroic figure was and is Rodin's conception of Balzac,—a genius's conception of a genius,—and as such is of infinitely greater worth than any number of more faithful likenesses by lesser men. It matters not how wild, vain, fanciful, or even grotesque the conception may seem, if it is—as it most assuredly is—the sincere expression of the sculptor's notions concerning his subject, then it is of lasting value as a work of art.

Again I say, art is the expression of conviction. If you have nothing to say, touch neither pen nor brush ; keep silent with all your faculties. The writer of prose recognizes his obligations to his readers, and keeps his mind intent upon the matter of his work, while the poet and painter, absorbed in the manner of their work, sometimes forget their message. Of what significance are rhymes and rhythms, be they never so musical, if the thought be lacking? Of what significance are masses of color, be they never so beautiful, if conviction be absent?

Remember and never forget that all art is but

DELIGHT IN THE THOUGHT :

the means of expressing that which is within the artist. Words, mere words, fall short of the requirements of the soul. Even in daily converse, the words we use but poorly convey our meanings. All the senses are gate-ways to the soul. We hear with our eyes, we see with our ears, and we comprehend with a touch. Some men can talk only in lame and halting fashion ; others, with finer inspiration and greater skill, speak in noble prose or purest poetry ; while others sing or paint or rear some stately structure expressive of their individuality as distinguished from that of all other men.

The best things you do will be done with greatest ease. Ruskin has said, "No great intellectual thing was ever done by great effort ; a great thing can only be done by a great man, and he does it without effort ;" but, let us add, not without preparation ; the end comes inevitably, the work is produced spontaneously, but it is the culmination of years of growth, of a life of development ; it is the result of a noble ambition to do a great thing, of a noble desire to do a worthy thing.

Milton began "Paradise Lost" when fifty years of age. It was the dream of a lifetime, a matter of "long choosing and beginning late." For twenty years he was making himself "more fit." Seventeen years before the first lines were written, he said, in a printed pamphlet,—

SINCERITY AND CONVICTION

"Neither do I think it a shame to covenant with any knowing reader, that for some few years yet I may go on trust with him towards the payment of what I am now indebted, as being a work not to be raised from the heat of youth or the vapours of wine, like that which flows at waste from the pen of some vulgar amorist, or the trencher-fury of a riming parasite, nor to be obtained by the invocation of Dame Memory and her Siren daughter, but by devout prayer to that eternal Spirit who can enrich with all utterance and knowledge, and sends out his Seraphim with the hallowed fire of his altar to touch and purify the lips of whom he pleases. To this must be added industriously select reading, steady observation, insight into all generous and seemly arts and affairs, till which in some measure be compassed at mine own peril and cost, I refuse not to sustain this expectation from as many as are not loth to hazard so much credulity upon the best pledges I can give them."

How much of the art of to-day is "raised from the heat of youth or the vapours of wine." We might search all literature in vain for lines more applicable to the art of France. Good as that art is in so many material respects, exhibiting as it does on the whole a rare joyousness, and an execution even too facile, we cannot help but feel, when we come to compare it with the best, the most serious, the purest art of the world, that

DELIGHT IN THE THOUGHT:

it is "raised from the heat of youth or the vapours of wine." It lacks that magnificent sincerity of purpose and conviction which comes from "select reading, steady observation, insight into all generous and seemly arts and affairs," and which, above all, receives its inspiration from that "eternal Spirit who can enrich with all utterance and knowledge, and sends out his Seraphim with the hallowed fire of his altar to touch and purify the lips of whom he pleases."

By this I do not mean that the best art finds its inspiration in sacred subjects, or in accepted religious beliefs and convictions; not at all. The best art the world has known was pagan to the last degree. But in whatsoever clime a man may live, in whatsoever faith he may be reared, whatsoever literary, philosophical, speculative atmosphere he may breathe, he must cling to the best there is, and though he reject the gods of all times, still must he fix his gaze upon the furthestmost star, and realize that, as compared with space and eternity, it is as a plaything in the hand; still must he catch the "music of the spheres," and know that his knowledge understandeth it not; still must he look at the changes that go on in this visible universe of ours, the now cold and lifeless moon that idly circles round through space, the radiant sun which soon must darkened be, the star dust scattered in the firmament, fragments of destroyed worlds, or seeds from

SINCERITY AND CONVICTION

which new worlds will spring,—all are changing, ever and forever changing, and yet our very reason compels the thought that back of all is something without change, without beginning, without end, and that something—name it what you please, clothe it in words, or leave it naked in thought—is that “eternal Spirit who can enrich with all utterance and knowledge.”

There is another thought suggested by what Milton said of his own preparation: “To this must be added industriously select reading, steady observation, insight into all generous and seemly arts and affairs.” How many of the painters and sculptors of to-day have formed the habit of “industriously select reading”? In the present world of art there is an undercurrent of contempt for books,—nature, nature, nature is the cry; out of the studio, out of the library, out of the oppressive atmosphere of learning, into the fields,—such is the tendency of the hour. Well, it is a not altogether bad reaction from literary art, for literary art is for the most part hopelessly poor art. And it so happens that the very great majority of artists are so constituted mentally, are so buoyant, so impressionable, so delicately poised and balanced, that anything like “industriously select reading” would completely upset them, destroying the joyous spontaneity of their work, plunging them, perhaps, into ponderous and dismal literary art. This is true of ninety-nine out

DELIGHT IN THE THOUGHT:

of every hundred, but such as these can never produce the greatest and noblest work ; they will produce delightfully and successfully that which is within them, but since their capacity for acquirement is limited, they can never hope to produce work which compares for a moment with the work of men whose natural abilities are as great, and who, at the same time, like Milton, form the habit of "industriously select reading, steady observation, insight into all generous and seemly arts," without upsetting the equilibrium of their art.

Bear in mind, your art is the expression of your convictions ; it is your way of making yourself known to the world. Your immediate object may be to paint a picture, and you may think of little else than the canvas before you, but the canvas is to you what paper is to the poet. This being true, then as you paint you talk, and painting all the time you are talking all the time.

The man does not live who can talk all the time, or even much of the time, and talk sense, without sooner or later repeating himself in tiresome fashion. Time must be given to reflection. The mind, like the fields, must lie fallow, and new seed must be sown, else you exhaust the soil. It is not difficult to call to mind many artists who have attained much reputation, who, in their earlier days, had something to say and said it,—who had an original thought and spoke it ; but from first to last have simply rung the changes

SINCERITY AND CONVICTION

on their first utterance, repeating and repeating until many of their pictures are so nearly alike they may well be taken for copies of some original. This, to be sure, is all most men can do, and we may consider ourselves fortunate when we get even one original message ; but there are others who are capable of more if they would but broaden their views of life by "industriously select reading, steady observation, and insight into all generous and seemly arts and affairs," and it is the bounden duty of every man to make the most of that which is in him. Be not content with trivial things ; it is better to fail in the endeavor to do something great than rest supine in doing something small ; providing always you mistake not your failure for success, and foolishly imagine you have achieved that which you have not.

The value of an environment, of an atmosphere, of an art-centre, so called, is that it is to a certain, though very limited extent, a substitute for select reading and industrious self-cultivation. Surrounded by art and art talk, the student must necessarily observe more or less, and the insight he obtains into all generous and seemly arts and affairs depends wholly upon his own disposition and the standards maintained about him. If you live in daily contact with the best the world has produced, you are powerfully and unconsciously influenced. It would be difficult, indeed, to do a

DELIGHT IN THE THOUGHT:

trivial thing in the presence of Angelo's tombs of the Medici, as difficult as it would be to hum an air from *opera bouffe* while listening to the overture of "Tannhauser."

It so happens that most men are dependent upon the stimulus afforded by their environment, and especially is this true of artists. The artistic temperament—a phrase of little worth but some meaning—seems to be in a condition of unstable equilibrium, as the evolutionist puts it,—a condition acutely susceptible to surroundings and circumstances, a condition of high nervous and æsthetic tension, but of slight stability. Such a temperament thrives and expands in a congenial atmosphere, but is stifled and discouraged in an uncongenial. I speak now of the artistic temperament as we know it and see it in those we meet, the average of students and artists. It is because they are so easily influenced, it is because they must be in daily contact with good works of art and in daily converse with workers in art, that students and artists flee to the art-centres of the old world, to Florence, to Rome, to Dresden, and above all to Paris, and are there carried along with the tide to rarely more than mediocre success. Dependence upon environment is an evidence of weakness. To see, to understand, to comprehend the best things is essential, and travel expands, but more important than all is that diligent cultivation of the mind which comes from "industri-

SINCERITY AND CONVICTION

ously select reading." You of the brush and the chisel read too little, and with what result? The time soon comes in the career of each when the growing soul demands more and stronger and better nourishment than is found in the few objects of art afforded by any American city ; then begins that restless chase over the world for the inspiration which might be found in a dozen books drawn from any one of our great libraries. A poem and a painting are twin sisters,—to know the one is to love the other. Circumstances may deny the opportunity of seeing all the great paintings in the world, but naught prevents daily converse with all the great poets of your own tongue. With every good book we read is absorbed something of the spirit of its author, until in time we may be saturated with the best that has been written. At first we like best the petty and the trivial, the interesting and the amusing, the thrilling and the sensational ; and if, unhappily, you never learn to like anything better, be sure the pictures you paint will rank with the literature you love. But if there is anything in you, your taste will develop, and with it the faculty of discrimination, and fewer and fewer books will satisfy, until at last you cling to the best and reject the worse, or reserve the trivial for those moments of weariness which come to all of us, when the food of babes is more acceptable than the strong nourishment of men.

DELIGHT IN THE THOUGHT :

Furthermore, a book gives us the reason of things, whereas a painting gives but the impression ; and it is important that we know the reason of things, so that we may really know, really comprehend what we like, so that we may justify our convictions unto ourselves. In the well-ordered mind the false finds no abiding place, and we may take this truth home to us,—there is nothing so conducive to a well-ordered mind as industriously select reading, nothing so arranges and facilitates our mental processes, nothing so enables us to detect false premises and draw correct conclusions.

In exactly the order so happily stated by Milton, next to select reading comes “steady observation.” The fad of the hour in the art-world is observation, observation of nature, of man, of life in every form, of everything,—in short, close, keen, piercing observation, an observation so penetrating that light itself is disintegrated, and the painter sees not sunlight, but the brilliant colors of the spectrum ; an observation so close that a very respectable body of artists insist we really see little or nothing at all, and therefore all things must be represented in vague and nebulous manner. All these experiments, as I have said, have their uses, and the residuum will go to swell the world's store of truth ; but it is safe to say, Milton's steady observation meant quite another sort. It is something more than a curi-

SINCERITY AND CONVICTION

ous peering into things ; something more than a mere analysis of this or that taken by itself ; it is not the application of the eye to a microscope, to the exclusion of all save the infinitesimal object on the glass ; it is rather seeing things broadly and clearly as they really are in themselves, and in all their relations ; it is, above all, an understanding and a right estimate of what we see. If your observation be steady, you will never be carried off your feet by some thing or some theory which for the time fascinates you. You are to look at the world about you ; but mistake not a mole hill for a mountain, magnify not the insignificant into the significant ; appreciate everything at its relative importance.

It is by industriously select reading and steady observation that we gain "insight into all generous and seemly arts and affairs." We may travel where we please, study where we please, but, without the habit of reading and steady observation, our minds will be like films of moving pictures, sheets of shifting shadows, and nothing more.

What was the product of Milton's twenty years of reading, observation, and reflection ? It was that organ note which still so gloriously resounds through the long lapse of years. Consider the opening lines of the great poem :

"Of man's first disobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world, and all our woe,

DELIGHT IN THE THOUGHT:

With loss of Eden, till one greater Man
Restore us, and regain the blissful seat,
Sing, Heav'nly Muse, that on the secret top
Of Oreb, or of Sinai, didst inspire
That Shepherd who first taught the chosen seed,
In the beginning how the heavens and earth
Rose out of Chaos. Or, if Sion hill
Delight thee more, and Siloa's brook that flow'd
Fast by the oracle of God ; I thence
Invoke thy aid to my adventurous song,
That with no middle flight intends to soar
Above the Aonian Mount, while it pursues
Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme,
And chiefly thou, O Spirit, that dost prefer
Before all temples the upright heart and pure,
Instruct me, for Thou knowest ; Thou from the first
Wast present, and, with mighty wings outspread,
Dove-like satst brooding on the vast abyss,
And mad'st it pregnant ; what in me is dark,
Illumine ; what is low raise and support,
That to the height of this great argument
I may assert eternal Providence,
And justify the ways of God to Men."

Who, but a master-soul, could hope to sustain and even swell to more triumphant pitch such a burst of song? As the beginning of a great poem, these first lines are noble in their invocation and faultless in execution. When we read them, we understand what is meant by the spiritual element—delight. The delight of Milton was pure and profound rather than joyous and light-hearted. It is the combination of this delight with soaring thought and perfect execution that

SINCERITY AND CONVICTION

makes "Paradise Lost" so great a poem. Whatever of weakness it has, lies in the theme : it is in the clouds, it does not tread the earth at all times, and is academic,—in short, it lacks that human interest which is conspicuous in even the most artificial of Shakespeare's plays, though Milton made the devil a man and the hosts of heaven and hell so many contending Homeric warriors of flesh and blood.

If you wish to do a great thing, a grand thing, and a sublime thing, then go to Milton for inspiration ; but if you wish to do something great, grand, sublime, and at the same time essentially human, read also, and read ever, Shakespeare. If you read nothing but those two, you might in the end do nothing ; but if you did do anything, you may be sure it would not be trivial, it would not be careless, it would not be thoughtless ; but it would be the manifestation of the very best in you.

If you are a child of fortune, or favoring circumstances lend their aid, then go forth by all means, search out the world's great masterpieces, spend hours, days, weeks, and months in their company until the message of each is as an open book to you ; but if, as is true of so many, conditions do not permit, then despair not, but be content to enrich the mind with the best thoughts of all time, recorded as they are at each man's door, and make the most of whatever opportuni-

DELIGHT IN THE THOUGHT:

ties are afforded for technical development and education.

Others have remained at home, and so may you. Franz Hals spent his life in Harlem,—scarce more than a village. Rembrandt never left Holland. From Leyden to Amsterdam he went when twenty-three years old, and there he spent the remainder of his life. He, too, found his inspiration at his doorstep, and painted best the people and scenes he knew best.

Velasquez, aroused by a visit from Rubens, did visit Italy, but not before he was court painter at Madrid, and had already painted some famous pictures. That the trip was of rare advantage to him who can doubt; but that it was absolutely essential to his greatness, no one believes.

There are three of the great painters of the seventeenth century, each developing by himself, each uninfluenced by the others, each attaining a supreme perfection in his own particular line.

Travel nowadays is so easy we shall never again know how great men might be if isolated from much contact with the world and contemporaries. Travel has different effects upon different minds; some it stimulates, others it informs, still others it vitiates. The great majority of men are so constituted that travel takes the place of reading and reflection; and if they travel not, they say little and know less; to them travel is essential if they are to be anything save stupid and

SINCERITY AND CONVICTION

uninteresting. There are, however, many men of considerable originality and native force who are weakened and overwhelmed by travel, who lack the powers of resistance necessary to withstand the overpowering effect of a multitude of novel observations, who return with minds filled with masses of unrelated and ill-digested impressions, their original native force and vigor entirely submerged. Many a good, honest, sincere, and forceful country preacher has been spoiled by a journey to the Holy Land ; many a good poet of native heath and heather has been ruined by a trip down the Rhine ; many an artist producing in a small way work of genuine merit has been deprived of all sincerity, all originality, by a visit to Rome or a month in Paris. The country boy who goes to town does not want to return to the fields, and will sing no more at his work.

But there are those—the geniuses of the world—who have the fine faculty of absorbing all the good they see and rejecting all the bad ; who maintain their own magnificent equipoise in the presence of the grandest works of nature and the noblest works of man ; who are not swerved a hair-breadth from their own chosen path ; who simply develop more in the midst of strange surroundings. To such as these travel is an inestimable privilege. It helps to make them without changing them ; it gives them new thoughts without overturning their convictions ; in their work

DELIGHT IN THE THOUGHT

the evidence of travel is scarcely to be discerned, so slight the change, whereas in the work of lesser men travel often makes sad havoc, and their pictures may be classified without trouble according to their sojourns in this country or that.

Let us favor travel as we favor reading, but beware its disintegrating effect ; beware the influence of superficial differences, the influence of schools, of mannerisms, of periods, of epochs, so-called ; beware of all that is accidental, fleeting, unimportant ; get at the heart of things,—the reality, the underlying truth, the very essence, and when you get beneath the surfaces you will find that the great souls of the world are not unlike ; that Dante and Shakespeare are one, that Titian and Velasquez are brothers, that Pheidias and Angelo worked hand in hand, that he who reared the Taj Mahal was a kindred spirit with the architect of Notre Dame,—in short, that they were men whose hands were but the instruments of their souls.

III

DELIGHT IN THE THOUGHT: INSPIRATION

WHEN last we met we discussed the attitude of the artist towards his work,—his sincerity and his conviction. He must be sincere even if he is doing a weak thing ; he must possess conviction even if he is doing a poor thing, else his art is forced, false, and artificial. That was the burden of our argument. In our search for the conditions essential to the production of art, we have ascertained that the following are absolutely essential :

1. Delight,—the Initial Impulse.
2. Delight in the Thought,—the Message.
 - (a) Sincerity.
 - (b) Conviction.
3. Delight in the Symbol,—the Expression.

But something more is requisite for the production of the best and noblest art. To sincerity and conviction must be added inspiration,—term of vague limitations but mighty import,—and to inspiration must be added technical facility, which simply means a skill adequate to express the message. Our final conclusions may then be stated as follows :

DELIGHT IN THE THOUGHT:

To the production of pure art the following conditions are essential,—

1. Delight—the Initial Impulse.
 - (a) Pure.
 - (b) Serene.
2. Delight in the Thought,—the Message.
 - (a) Sincerity.
 - (b) Conviction.
 - (c) Inspiration.
3. Delight in the Symbol,—the Expression.
 - (a) Technical facility.

No man can hope to accomplish anything in art that will live with the ages unless his delight is pure and serene ; unless he is sincere and is filled with conviction, and unless he is inspired by some noble purpose, thought, or aspiration which demands utterance. To-day we will deal with the artist's inspiration, with that within which demands outward expression.

In its broadest, noblest, grandest sense, inspiration is the unconscious utterance of truth. It is the speaking of that which is dimly perceived, without being fully comprehended at the time, but which future generations find to be true.

Referring to the Mosaic account of the creation, St. Augustine said, "For myself I declare boldly and from the bottom of my heart, that if I were called to write something which was to be invested with supreme authority, I should desire most so to write that my words should include the

INSPIRATION

widest range of meaning, and should not be confined to one sense alone, exclusive of all others, even of some which should be inconsistent with my own. Far from me, O God, be the temerity to suppose that so great a Prophet did not receive from Thy Grace even such a favor ! Yes, he had in view and in his spirit, when he traced these words, all that we can discover of the truth,—even every truth which has escaped us hitherto, or which escapes us still, but which nevertheless may yet be discovered in them."

Most men are so constituted that for the most part they see but the things before them and listen to only the dictates of their reason. When they cease to understand, they cease to know, and the unexplored universe is a blank to them ; their little day is bounded by impenetrable night ; their little field is surrounded by insurmountable barriers ; their vision knows no vistas ; their horizon fades not into infinite depths of blue beyond ; manacled by their visible environment, they are prisoners forlorn for life.

The scientist peering through his lenses gets at certain data ; the chemist with his crucible discloses a few elements ; the geologist with his hammer lays bare new strata ; the astronomer may find a star, or the twin of a star, or catch a glimpse of the tail of some hastening comet ; but none of these things are the truth, and all of them put together do not make up the truth. A

DELIGHT IN THE THOUGHT:

fact is not the truth, a stone is not the truth, a star is not the truth, and no amount of facts, stones, stars, worlds, or universes can constitute the smallest fraction of the truth.

Truth is harmony between man and the universe, between man and man, between man and things, between man and all relations and forces.

We may feel the truth and not know it ; our intuitions are keener than our perceptions ; knowledge begins where observation leaves off ; ignorance is the mother of philosophy ; the wisdom of a child confounds the sage ; a man may know so much he knows nothing ; great learning is seldom conducive to great thinking. A mind filled with facts is like a bag filled with stones,—hard, rigid, unyielding ; all ductility gone ; no longer impressionable, it ceases to be alive ; like the bag, it may pour forth its store of hard, dead, uninteresting data when the mouth is untied ; but it is like the rattling of dry bones.

Some things we must know, other things it is good to know, but a great deal that we do know is worse than superfluous ; like too much dead ballast, it makes us heavy and logy.

A good memory is a dangerous thing. It prevents that absorption which makes all things you see, all things you hear, all things you read, your own, a part of you. No man has a monopoly of ideas. His way of thinking a thing is his own, perhaps ; though doubt not others long ages be-

INSPIRATION

fore thought the same thing in much the same way ; but the thought itself, the kernel clear of the husk, is not new. Plagiarism is largely a matter of form. If you are not conscious of the source of your thought, then it is yours, even though you read it but an hour before ; yours as much as his who uttered it, for he, too, imbibed it from some remembered or unremembered source.

Truth, like a ball, comes rolling down the ages, rounded by attrition, enlarged by accretion ; no man knows it all ; he who thinks he knows it best, knows it least ; no man can add much thereto or take much therefrom. Truth itself is and must be everlastingly the same ; but it is like some infinitely pure element, invisible to mortal eyes save when mixed with some alloy. It is the alloy that is susceptible to human effort. In brightest days it may be almost eradicated and truth discovered as the pure residuum. In darker, grosser times the alloy overwhelms and truth is still more obscured.

The path of learning, like the path of glory, leads to the grave. The tender, throbbing centres of the brain, pulsating with life, responding to every impression, bounding with sympathy, kindling with hope, withering with despair, become dull, heavy, leaden, when encumbered with too much fact ; their infinite tendrils cease to quiver in the breeze of thought ; there is no rustle among their interlacing fibrils at the play of fancy

DELIGHT IN THE THOUGHT:

and the breath of love ; silent and lifeless they droop beneath the icy weight of acquisition.

Memory makes a dull eye. He who tries to recall something is like a man on his knees searching the floor for a penny. No matter how small our change, it is better to jingle the little we have merrily in our pockets than try to borrow more or to find that which is lost. A good thought mislaid is never entirely lost ; but even if it be, let it go ; it has but made room for another, and that other is sure to find traces of the former occupant. Waste not your energies in mighty endeavor to think of something momentous. Only those thoughts are worth uttering which come without effort. If the occasion and the hour give rise to no thoughts wholly and entirely belonging to the occasion and the hour, keep silent. The remark of yesterday will not fit the conversation of to-day. There is too much warmed-over talk, too much of repetition, too much of recollection. The great talker, like the great story-teller, is apt to have recourse to his joke-book and say things of malice aforethought. A good thing should never be repeated ; let it rather find an early grave in the minds of all who hear it ; the resurrection will depend upon the individual. The truth, the soul, of the saying never dies, but will come forth again clothed in garments of words as varied as the personalities of those who speak.

The mind digests its food. No more than the

INSPIRATION

stomach can it keep intact without discomfort that which it swallows. There are mental dyspeptics as well as physical. There are minds and minds ; some relish this and some that ; plain food, good food, pure food is best for all. Beware the intellectual tidbit in the shape of a bad book. Think not to swallow poison without some traces remaining. We never see anything, hear anything, read anything without being affected for life ; nothing can be done with impunity. An impression can never be wholly effaced. All that we hear, all that we see, all that we do or say, all that we read leaves its lasting impress. The fathomless abysses of the mind yield not the dregs of conduct. A taint remains from all that is bad, weak, and trivial. It is therefore important that whatever you read and whatever you see and whatever you hear shall be of the best, for then you may be sure that whatever you say and do will be also of the best.

Repentance at best is but an antidote ; complete forgetfulness impossible. The brain is not a slate to be wiped clean with a wet sponge. Nothing affects it without leaving ineradicable traces. Decadence is acquired, not natural ; it comes with education and association. A man degenerates before he knows it. Nothing is easier than to dull the edge of right perception, to look at life through colored glasses and see all things queerly. There are few minds strong enough to

DELIGHT IN THE THOUGHT:

resist the corrosive influence of the pernicious literature of the day, of the vicious art of the day, of the trashy poetry of the day. If a poor book is instinctively condemned as soon as read, the harm is reduced to a minimum, and the reaction may be worth the trouble ; but if the bad is not instinctively and immediately recognized and rejected, if there is a moment of doubt and hesitation, the harm is done. He who waits for the verdict of others is past hope. If you do not intuitively recognize the good and reject the bad, your condition is wretched indeed.

Theories are the allurements of vice. There are more theories in art than in literature, more in painting than in sculpture ; many an artist of great natural talent has been led to perdition in his art by some captivating theory. A theory, first of all, leads one to contemplate the weak, the inane, the *bizarre*, and the strange with equanimity, until at last, under the influence of a theory, one finds a place for the bad and the vicious. Now, there is no place for the bad and the vicious, and there is no theory by which the bad and the vicious can be reconciled with truth. Truth knows no theory, truth requires no explanation ; it is all sufficient ; its vision is perfectly clear ; its comprehension infinite. Truth is not attained by reasoning or by thinking ; it just grows within by absorption of the best there is until its fruition is like the blossoming of some wonderful flower.

INSPIRATION

There is a physical basis for all this,—a physical basis for truth, a physical basis for inspiration ; and you will understand all that I have said better if we spend a few moments in ascertaining exactly what this physical basis is. It is well enough to say that throughout your lives you must hear, see, read, know the best there is, and that throughout your lives you must avoid the weak, the bad, the vicious,—those are precepts you have heard from childhood ; but it will be very much to the point if we can find out why the best there is in art, in literature, in life helps one, while the worst there is contaminates.

Through your five senses you come in contact with the world about you and absorb all that you know both good and bad. They are the gateways, and the only visible, the only definitely ascertained gate-ways, to the brain. I say the only visible, for modern investigation has demonstrated what men have long felt, that brain does communicate with brain, mind with mind, apparently without the intervention of the senses,—of this form of brain activity more later, another day ; for the present the mechanism of the five senses is interesting enough to occupy our attention.

Let us analyze a sensation,—find out what it is and where it resides.

Touch some object near you with the end of your finger. The sensation will vary according

DELIGHT IN THE THOUGHT:

to the nature of the object,—it may be hard or soft, wet or dry, warm or cold, dull or sharp. The sensation which you seem to feel in the end of your finger you know, as a matter of fact, is not there, but in the brain ; the finger is conscious of nothing. In some way the impression made upon the tip of the finger is conveyed to the brain, and the object touched is there recognized.

If the finger is dissected and subjected to a minute examination, it is found that in the skin and in the flesh just under the skin there are the ends of a great many fine nerves, most of which terminate in the skin or in the flesh just beneath in bulbs of nerve-matter called terminal organs. They are, in fact, the terminal organs of the sense of touch, and they are distributed all over the body, being of course most numerous where the sense of touch is keenest, or, rather, the sense of touch is keenest where they are most numerous. The minute nerve-branches of which these terminal organs are a part join two nerve trunk lines which run along the under side of the finger ; these finger trunk lines join a larger trunk line in the palm of the hand made up of nerve-lines from other fingers, and all these lines run up the arm in a larger nerve-cable through the body to the spinal column, where each nerve-fibre terminates in a nerve-cell, and it is the cell which receives the impression telegraphed—so to speak

INSPIRATION

—by the terminal organs of touch in the tip of the finger along these nerve-lines.

In speaking of these nerve-bulbs, nerve-lines, nerve-cables, etc., we must not for a moment permit our notions of size to be exaggerated by the use of words, such as cables, which ordinarily signify pretty large and powerful things, for these nerve-lines are very small, thread-like affairs, and have to be magnified many hundreds of times to be very well seen. And yet the word cable best expresses those nerve trunk lines in which are hundreds and thousands of fibres, each fibre, like a separate insulated telegraph wire, running from its own particular nerve-cell in the spinal cord or brain to its own particular terminal sense organ. The spinal cord itself is only about the size of the little finger, and yet it is next to the brain in importance and contains millions of nerve-fibres and nerve-cells.

The mechanism of the sense of touch is exactly like that of all the other senses in these respects :

A terminal sense organ is impressed or excited.

The impulse is carried along a nerve-fibre to a nerve-cell located in either the spinal cord or brain.

The nerve-cell receives the impulse and makes the proper response.

So far no man has been able to detect any material difference between the nerve-fibres and

DELIGHT IN THE THOUGHT:

the nerve-cells of the several senses, but the terminal organs, the nerve-endings of each sense, differ very materially from the terminal organs of the other senses. There is no resemblance whatsoever between the minute nerve-branches, nerve-bulbs, and corpuscles of nerve-matter, which are the beginning of the sense of touch, and the marvellous layer of nerve-rods and cones in the retina which receive the impression we recognize as light. As might be expected, the end organs of touch are blunt and crude as compared with the hair-like filaments of the eye,—the former respond to physical contact with matter, while the latter respond to those vibrations of the all-pervading ether which give rise to the sensation of light.

In the sense of sight all impressions enter the eye through the pupil, which, as you all know, contracts when the light is strong and expands when the light is faint, thereby controlling the amount of irritation to which the extremely sensitive nerve-filaments shall be exposed. Passing through the pupil and through the ball of the eye, the vibrations of the ether, which we recognize as light, fall upon the retina, which is the innermost coating of the eye, and the surface of which is a mass of nerve-endings, each of which is the end of a nerve-fibre. All these fibres are gathered in one bunch or cable called the optic nerve; that nerve passes backward into the

INSPIRATION

brain, where the fibres separate, and each finds its own particular cell ; so that the impulse aroused by the vibrations of the ether affecting one of the nerve-endings of the retina finds its way to the nerve-cell at the other end of the connecting-fibre ; that cell receives and records the impression, modifies it more or less, and passes it on to other cells, until hundreds of thousands of cells may be in a state of activity and consciousness result,—all depending upon the nature and extent of the outward cause. The flash of the match as one lights a lamp may pass unnoticed, affecting only the few cells immediately impressed, whereas the light of a falling star—much farther away and much less intense than the close flash of the match—may arouse great interest, and by the associations and reflections excited tax the resources of the entire brain. Or, to illustrate further, the flash of a match by a burglar in a sleeping-room at midnight would affect an almost infinitely greater number of cells than the casual striking of a match to light a candle. But no matter what the light, the occasion, or the extent of it, the cells immediately connected with the sense of sight are more or less impressed, and other cells are affected according to the nature of the outward cause.

Without going into details concerning the sense of hearing, smell, and taste, it is sufficient to note that while their terminal organs all differ

DELIGHT IN THE THOUGHT:

in size, shape, and general appearance, the mechanism of each sense is as already outlined,—the point ultimately affected being the nerve-cell.

So far we have considered only in-going impulses and the sensations that result, but it is important that some response be made to these impressions. If your hand is resting upon a hot iron, it is important that you take it away as quickly as possible; this is accomplished with the aid of more nerve-cells and other nerve-fibres, and we find the nerves divided into sensory nerves and motor nerves. The nerve-fibres which conduct the impulses from the terminal organs to the cells are sensory nerves; the nerves which conduct the impulses from the cells to the muscles are the motor nerves, and these motor nerves all have their peculiar terminal branches in the muscles of the body, controlling the muscles and causing them to contract or relax accordingly.

Every action is more or less complex, according to the number of cells involved. Consciousness is not aroused until the cells of the cortex of the brain are involved.

The simplest conceivable action is as follows :

1. The finger touches something, thereby pressing the nerve-end organs.
2. The impulse is transmitted along a sensory nerve-fibre.
3. The impulse or current is received in a sensory nerve-cell in the spinal cord.

INSPIRATION

4. If the pressure on the hand is of such a character—as tickling, or heat, or cold, etc.—as requires some movement, then the sensory nerve-cell transmits the current to a motor nerve-cell.

5. The motor nerve-cell immediately transmits a current along its motor nerve-fibre.

6. The motor nerve-fibre terminates in the muscles controlling the arm, hand, or fingers, as the case may be, and the impulse transmitted from the motor cell causes the muscles to contract and the arm or hand or fingers to move accordingly.

So long as the cells of the spinal cord only are involved, there is neither sensation nor consciousness. In fact, the cells of large portions of the brain may be involved without our being conscious of what is going on. If we were conscious of what the various parts of the body are doing every moment, the time of the mind would be so frittered away that intellectually we would be as low as the oyster. The fact that nine-tenths of the nerve-cells of the body can and do perform their functions unerringly, automatically, and unconsciously, enables us to devote our higher energies to things that interest us.

We are now in a position to state certain fundamental propositions concerning the nervous system.

Every impression affects one or more nerve-cells.

DELIGHT IN THE THOUGHT:

That physical fact you must take to heart. There is no such thing as an impression unless some nerve-cell is affected. The agitation of the cell is the impression. The seat of consciousness is in the cell, and the cell is the seat of memory. The physical basis of memory is the change a nerve-cell undergoes in response to some outward impression. A child sees for the first time a lion and hears for the first time his roar. All that the child sees is swiftly conveyed inward from the nerve terminal organs of the eye along the nerve-fibres of the optic nerve to the many nerve-cells attached to the fibres. The number of cells agitated and affected by this new and strange sight is very large, not only the cells directly connected with the optic nerves, but the innumerable surrounding cells indirectly connected. A sight so strange would not only affect the cells very profoundly, but it would involve a large number of cells. At the same time the deep, terrifying roars of the huge beast would be impressing the nerve-cells attached to the auditory nerves. In short, the fresh, young nerve-cells of the child would be profoundly and permanently impressed by the strange sights and sounds; they would be so affected that while life lasts the entire scene would be recalled quite vividly upon the slightest provocation.

Another physical fact of vital importance is that :

INSPIRATION

For every impression of which you are conscious the nerve-cells receive thousands of which you are not conscious.

We are conscious of comparatively little that we touch, taste, smell, see, and hear. We are conscious of very little that goes on about us at any given time. When our attention is occupied with one thing we are generally oblivious to most else,—depending, of course, upon the intentness of our absorption. But there is not a moment when our senses are not in action ; they never slumber. There is no night so dark, no sleep so deep, that the delicate end organs of vision are absolutely quiescent, that the nerve-cells of the optic nerves and the nerve-cells of that portion of the brain more particularly devoted to vision are absolutely inactive. There is no hour so still that sounds are not falling upon the delicate terminations of the auditory nerves. There is no air absolutely devoid of odors. There is no moment that some portion of the body is not touching something. In the midst of the most absorbing occupation, pause and direct your attention to any one of the senses, and you will find it busily engaged in receiving impressions and recording them unconsciously. If your sleep is restless, it is often because there is a pounding upon one or more of the senses ; the distant clanging of cars, the noises of a city, even the trickling of water or the gnawing of a mouse will

DELIGHT IN THE THOUGHT:

cause one to toss and turn in the vain endeavor to find rest. We become accustomed to sounds habitually present, until we sleep in the midst of alarms. But who can tell the cost of sleep so dearly purchased; the tired nerve-cells of the sense of hearing fail to arouse sufficient sympathy in other cells to keep us awake, but the sounds are falling just the same, hammering away upon the auditory nerves, making some impression, though not enough to keep us awake. We may even become so accustomed to the sounds that their absence will be the cause of wakefulness, but they are not "soothing" simply because we miss them. The roar of the waves is not "soothing," the rustle of leaves, the dropping of rain, the sigh of the wind,—these sounds, however welcome and delightful at the proper time, are not soothing, save in the sense that daily doses of alcohol or morphine are "soothing." The only perfect rest conceivable is freedom from all agitating influences save those necessarily produced by the body in the healthy performance of organic functions. Stay, may we not push the thought a step farther, and say that the body in the ceaseless and mechanical performance of the functions of physical life is a disturbing factor, and perfect rest is freedom from all physical contact and agitation,—the rest of the soul alone?

Since perfect rest is impossible for the nerve-centres, the best attainable is that condition

INSPIRATION

wherein each of the senses is subjected to the least possible stimulation and the cells of cord and brain are subjected to the least possible agitation. Needless to say the sights and sounds and odors of a large city are not conducive to such rest, and few are the men with stamina sufficient to withstand the destructive—the physically disintegrating—forces of a noisy city, and at the same time absorb the advantages which only a large city affords. Most men accomplish this best by long sojourns in the country and comparatively brief visits to the city.

“There are instruments which can detect a change in the brain caused by the passing of a cloud over the sun. An old man said that his brain-cells still retained modifications from a glance at a rainbow on a certain summer’s evening seventy years before. Man’s entire central nervous system is computed to have at least three thousand million nerve-cells. These vary in diameter from about one two-hundred-and-fiftieth to one thirty-five-hundredth of an inch. Nerve-cells have the power of sending out processes which we term nerve-fibres. It is their function to connect all the nerve-cells in the various parts of the body ; just as a prosperous country is threaded with telegraph wires, which keep all its cities aware of what is happening elsewhere, so the human body is traversed by nerve-fibres which report stimuli, transmit impulses to move-

DELIGHT IN THE THOUGHT:

ment, and perform various other offices connected with the nutrition, circulation, and secretion of the body. Some idea of the fineness of these fibres may be gained from the number of sensory nerves that end in the brain. Specialists estimate this number at not less than two and one-half millions."—DONALDSON.

These cells—of which from two hundred and fifty to three thousand are required side by side to make an inch in length—are not little round masses of nerve-matter. On the contrary, they are found in great variety of shapes in different parts of the nervous system, and each cell gives off the one long fibre which runs to the terminal organs; and in addition to this one long fibre each cell throws out a multitude of fine nerve-processes, like the branches of a tree. It is by means of these branches that one cell communicates with another. The cells do not come in direct contact with each other, but they are more like the trunks of trees in a dense forest, with branches interlacing so closely that one tree cannot be agitated without affecting others. Not that there is a physical moving or waving of either cells or branches, but the impulse which spreads from one cell to another travels through the nerve-branches.

The development of each cell depends not only upon general conditions of bodily health and vigor, but upon the exercise of the cell.

INSPIRATION

For instance, in the famous case of Laura Bridgman, blind and deaf from the second year of her life, it was found after death that the cells of those portions of the cortex devoted to sight and hearing were only partially developed, those areas of the cortex being thinner than normal,—atrophied, we might say, from lack of exercise, exactly as the muscles of a palsied arm will shrivel.

If I have devoted all this time to what may seem to most of you dry details concerning the nervous system, to discussing matters and things which are supposed to absorb the attention of only specialists, it is to impress upon you the importance of that almost infinitesimal bit of matter, the nerve-cell. It is important to clearly understand that it is the physical basis, the physical seat, of knowledge, of memory, of sensation, of consciousness,—in short, of all the mental faculties.

Education is the development of the nerve-cell. The child who is laboriously learning to write, letter by letter, is simply trying to so educate the various nerve-cells which control the fingers that they will automatically and without effort cause the fingers holding the pen to produce letters almost as fast as the mind can think. At first the entire attention of the child is absorbed in the endeavor to make one letter, the face is screwed up, the body twisted into posi-

DELIGHT IN THE THOUGHT:

tions most angular, the lips move responsive, almost every muscle of the body is in play in the effort to get the stubborn fingers to make a single letter; but in time and with practice the task becomes more and more easy, until at length the mind gives no thought whatsoever to the physical effort of making the letters and writing the words, but is absorbed entirely in the message, in the thought that is being recorded. So true is this, that it is within the experience of any rapid writer that his thought constantly tends to outstrip his pen, he finds difficulty in writing as rapidly as he thinks, and the result is his pen dashes over the paper at such speed it leaves a trail, a scrawl of half-finished words and letters which run together in confusion, no time for dots, crosses, or punctuation, no time for anything except to make marks which may afterwards be deciphered as the records of the thoughts.

It is the same process in learning to play any musical instrument; at first it requires all one's attention, but by and by the cells controlling the muscles of arms, hands, and fingers become so educated that no thought is given the mere execution, the only concern being the music to be played. But musicians differ in their technical acquirements; very few ever acquire so great a command over their refractory muscles that technical difficulties are unknown to them, and those who do are the geniuses of their profession,—

INSPIRATION

even they require constant practice lest their fingers forget their cunning.

Consider for a moment what transpires when a pianist looks at a page of music. The printed notes fall upon the terminal organs of sight in the retinas of the eyes, and the impulse so aroused is transmitted inward to the cells immediately connected with the sense of sight; these cells through their nerve-fibrils and branches arouse others, until sufficient cells in the brain are in a state of activity to comprehend the meaning of the printed notes; thereupon the cells in immediate communication with the muscles of the arms, hands, and fingers, and the cells controlling the terminal organs of touch, are brought into activity, and commanded, so to speak, to strike the proper keys at the right intervals, and so produce the music indicated on the printed sheet. With a beginner this is a matter of great difficulty; the processes of comprehension and execution are slow and labored, the eye takes in a note at a time, and one by one the fingers strike the keys, the result is anything but satisfying; in time, however, the eye takes in more and more, and the fingers respond more and more quickly and accurately until the performance is fairly creditable; but even after the fingers respond instantly, and a high degree of technical skill is acquired, the interpretation may be faulty, for the reason that in reading the notes the cells of the

DELIGHT IN THE THOUGHT:

brain are not sufficiently educated to comprehend the composer's intention.

It is one thing for a child to read a page of Browning and quite another thing for an adult ; to the one the poem would be utterly incomprehensible and infinitely tedious, to the other it would be fraught with meaning. We read a thing over and think we understand it ; we read it again, and wonder how we could have been so blind ; we read it a third time, and new meanings confront us, and though we read and re-read the book or poem no two impressions are exactly alike. All this is due to the development and education of our nerve-cells. Their content of impressions varies from hour to hour, from day to day, from year to year. What we read to-day is comprehended by a certain content of impressions, what we read to-morrow will be comprehended by the impressions of to-day modified by and plus the intervening impressions of the twenty-four hours.

For the first time in our lives we wander idly through an art gallery and gaze curiously at the pictures on the walls, the sculpture on the floors ; we think we have some comprehension of what we see, and are supremely content in our ignorance. A year elapses ; we have spent the time in the earnest endeavor to understand art ; we return to the gallery, and everything seems new to us, every picture, every bit of sculpture, bears a new

INSPIRATION

meaning. The difference is in ourselves ; we have simply educated the cells of the central nervous system so that they react entirely differently, so that when we look again at a picture they pour out a flood of associations, of reminiscences, of impressions,—in short, we see things in the light of their stores of knowledge, or, rather, it is their stores of knowledge which comprehend whatever we see.

Of the three thousand millions of nerve-cells contained in the nervous system, it is safe to say that :

Never are all the cells in action at any one time. It is probably true that many are used very little. It is quite possible that not a few are never called upon at all.

But it is also undoubtedly true that the wider the sphere of your mental and physical activities, the larger the number of cells habitually involved. The man whose daily life is within narrow limits, who has little interest beyond catering to his physical necessities, such a man gets along with the habitual use of comparatively few cells ; while the man of education and culture, broad sympathies, widely varied occupations, and many interests, such a man taxes the resources of his entire nervous organization, and keeps a maximum number of cells in more or less constant activity. It should be the aim of every one to get the most out of the wonderful mechanism with which he is endowed.

DELIGHT IN THE THOUGHT:

I do not mean that everybody should pursue the same studies, follow the same pursuits, attempt the same things. By no means. The man who does not go to college has it within his power habitually to use as many cells as the college man. It is largely a matter of thought, of attention, of reflection, of investigation. Whatever you do, do with all your might and main, and see things broadly rather than narrowly. In your search for knowledge turn hither and thither, pry out things, admit no defeats, face no stone walls, subdue, conquer, possess. If confronted by what seems insurmountable, remember the millions of idle cells,—small storage batteries of energy sufficient to move empires. Bear in mind that you have within you the potentiality of conquering worlds, and if you fail, it is your own fault.

Let us carry our argument a step farther forward :

All activities of the nervous system may, for our present purpose, be distributed into,—

1. Those activities of which we are conscious, and,
2. Those activities of which we are not conscious.

The subconscious activities largely exceed the conscious. We are conscious of very little that goes on about us, for we are rarely conscious of more than one thing at a time ; in fact, the more intent we are upon whatever occupies our atten-

INSPIRATION

tion, the more oblivious are we to everything else, and yet the nervous system is performing its functions just the same ; the senses are all conveying their impulses inward, and the cells are recording and responding to them. "The ceaselessness of the stimulation cannot be presented too strongly, because those stimuli which do not come clearly into consciousness are but too readily neglected. Yet the responses of this ever sensitive system reacting to nerve-ending stimuli are by no means always part of our conscious life, and hence these changes must be indirectly studied if they are to be recognized at all. That such variations may be due either to changes in the exciting stimuli or to different degrees of responsiveness on the part of the central system, is self-evident. The stimuli during the day are many and strong, but few and weak at night ; different according to the seasons of the year, and dependent upon changes both without and within the body, changes involving not only alterations in those forms of energy for which special sense organs exist, and which produce the sensations of light, sound, taste, odor, touch, but also in those for which there are no such organs, as humidity, elasticity, tension, atmospheric pressure, and the like. Yet to all these stimuli responses are made, and they are never twice the same."—DONALDSON.

Suppose you are in a crowded opera-house, listening to the rendering of a Beethoven sym-

DELIGHT IN THE THOUGHT:

phony by a competent orchestra. If you are a lover of music and an understander of music, your mind will be intent upon the harmonies which fall upon the ear. That these harmonies are due to the workings of the brain-cells you yourself appreciate in part at least, for you know how easy it is to disturb the illusion by directing the attention to this instrument or that in the orchestra, or to the brasses as distinguished from the stringed instruments, and immediately the balance is destroyed and the pleasure gone. Such analytical disintegration is fatal to the highest enjoyment of the music. You also know that the various instruments of the orchestra are so placed and grouped as to properly blend the many different sounds, so the mass will reach your ear rather than the component elements. But aside from the physical fact that from the orchestra itself a multitude of very distinct sounds are falling upon the ear, to be blended in one harmonious whole by the action of the brain-cells, what else is going on of which you are less conscious?

There are all the sounds incidental to a crowded house,—sounds often obtrusive and annoying, sounds always observable if your attention is at any moment diverted to them from the music. These sounds are all having their effect upon you whether you heed them or not; they are all modifying the effect of the music, the effect of

INSPIRATION

the main impression. Still more is the attention diverted and the mind affected by the sights which have absolutely no connection with the music. You fix your eyes upon the orchestra, and the mechanical movements of the musicians, the eccentricities of the conductor, all greatly affect you. The fame of a conductor often depends more upon his attitudes and his manner towards his audience than upon the results he obtains. As you watch the musicians the rhythm of motion modifies the rhythm of sound, whereas, in the rendering of any piece of pure music, motion is something entirely apart. Your appreciation of what you hear is very seriously affected by what you see ; and yet those who are supposed to listen best are those who are seen to watch most closely, very much as if the steadfast pointing with one's finger at an orchestra were esteemed a mark of high appreciation. But aside from what is going on in the orchestra, the eyes reflect everything that goes on within their field of vision,—the dresses and actions of all about you, the glare of the lights, architectural effects, and decorations usually obtrusive and crude. That all these things make an impression you appreciate when, as so often happens, you start to find yourself gazing at a face in the audience you know, or discover something in the decoration you do not remember having seen before, or see a dress, or a hat, or a head, or a nose that amuses

DELIGHT IN THE THOUGHT:

you. While you are listening to the music the eye is diligently though vagrantly searching out all these things for you, and they are all having their effect upon you, and you are powerless to abstract yourself from them. They are as potently present as the odors in an air vitiated and exhausted ; as much there as the pressure of those next you, and the feeling of your clothes upon you.

Suppose, again, you are listening to the same symphony by the same orchestra in a garden. The music is the same—not quite, for the musicians themselves are affected by their surroundings, and no man can play his best to the buzz of conversation and the tinkle of glasses ; but the effect of the evening is entirely different. No matter how intently you devote yourself to the music, no matter how little you care for the other pleasures of the garden, the environment is all-powerful, and the physical nature of our being is such we cannot withstand it.

The five senses are so many doors to the soul,—sometimes wide open, never completely closed. So far as the actual physical impression is concerned, you cannot choose the good and reject the bad. You may administer an antidote more or less effective by arousing masses of brain-cells in opposition to a bad impression ; you may rally to the contest all the good impressions you have ever received, and the outcome of the contest

INSPIRATION

may on the whole be good for you,—the contest itself leaving its indelible impress upon every cell involved, but the traces of the bad impression cannot be wholly eradicated. Of that you may be sure, for were it otherwise the cells would be in an abnormal condition. It is the business of a healthy nerve-cell to receive and register all impressions, to react in some way to every stimulus, and, above all, to keep some record, some trace of every agitation, every impress. Furthermore, it is the business, the duty, the function of every nerve-cell to affect all the cells about it in somewhat the same manner it is affected itself. Were this not true, there would be no such thing as memory, no such thing as consciousness. In some individuals the surrounding cells yield quickly, in others the surrounding cells are more conservative, more stubborn, slow to receive impulses, and slow to lose them. These physical facts are at the very basis of character, temperament, disposition. Brilliancy in speech and action may be defined as the lighting up of the whole brain upon the stimulation of a comparatively few cells ; but weakness and indecision are dangerously closely allied, for in the weak man the instability and plasticity of the cells cause them to yield with little or no resistance to every passing impulse.

In the last analysis character and morality depend upon the stability and composition of the

DELIGHT IN THE THOUGHT:

nerve-cell, and are immediately affected by whatever affects the cell.

It will be useful to sum up the functions and characteristics of the nerve-cells so far as ascertained before proceeding farther with our argument.

1. The nerve-cell receives and is affected by all impressions both conscious and subconscious.

2. The traces left by an impression constitute the physical basis of memory.

3. In response to new impressions a cell tends to act and react along the lines of old,—to do that which it has done before,—to identify so far as possible the new impressions with some old impression. In other words, having once acted or reacted in a certain manner, it is physically easier to act or react in the same manner than to respond along entirely new lines.

4. The cells are more plastic and impressionable in youth than in old age, and they tend to retain the impressions of early life longer than those of late life.

5. Subconscious impressions are far more numerous than conscious.

6. No impression can be entirely effaced ; if the cell is once affected, traces will remain until the cell degenerates with age or disuse.

7. While subconscious impressions are more numerous than conscious, the conscious impression, as a rule, affects the cell more profoundly

INSPIRATION

and permanently,—or, stated otherwise, those impressions which affect the cells involved most profoundly and permanently, as a rule, are accompanied by consciousness.

8. By sheer force of will and determination, by rigid attention, it is possible to greatly enhance the effect of an impression, to make it more durable. He who puts his whole mind and heart into whatever he is doing moulds the cells accordingly, so the impress they receive never becomes faint or blurred.

With these facts concerning the nervous system clearly in mind, we may proceed with our argument.

All your life long you are receiving, recording, and reacting to impressions. The vast majority of these impressions have been unconscious, and of those of which you were conscious when they were received nearly all have lapsed into the subconscious; that is, you no longer recall them, so that most of your experiences in life, most that you have seen, heard, read, known, have sunk into the various cells of the nervous organization, to be recalled, if at all, only with an effort, or under exceptional conditions. But they are not lost; they are the foundation of your character, your temperament, your disposition; they determine the nature of your response to every thing new that occurs, everything new that you see, or read, or hear. As the cells have been

DELIGHT IN THE THOUGHT:

trained so will they act ; if they have been fed with poor, weak, trashy impressions, you may be sure they will give poor, weak, trashy responses. Nor does it matter much how your desires and ambitions change for the better in after life ; you may learn to love the best there is in art and life, you may wish with your whole heart to do something great and noble, the stored-up impressions of a misspent and wasted early life will sullenly thwart your efforts, or so modify what you do as to materially affect your success. In a few strong natures the warring elements may develop a strong character, a powerful determination, but you may be sure that for every bad, for every weak impression you have ever received, you are so much the weaker.

In considering character and the development of the nerve-cell, we must not confine our attention to outward impressions alone. The nerve-cell is impressed, modified, developed as much by thought as by impressions through the senses. The trailing light of the falling star is very little in itself, but the train of thought excited may last hours. The light arouses the cells directly involved through the optic nerve ; it affects them but slightly, because the light is faint and the occasion distant, but the cells immediately aroused excite in turn millions of cells in the cortex of the brain, and great waves of thought, of reflection, of memory, of speculation sweep through

INSPIRATION

the brain, and every cell involved is permanently and materially modified by all that passes through it. You know that this is so because the next day and for long afterwards you can remember the ideas that occurred to you at the time. If sufficiently interested you may write them out, and in doing so discover another wonderful thing,—namely, that after you had gone to sleep and ceased—as you thought—to think of the beautiful problems involved, the thinking powers had gone on and on, so that when you wake and begin to write, you find rushing upon you, demanding expression, ideas apparently so new that you are startled. It is as if some spirit had been whispering in your ear all the night long. There are few men who have not had many such experiences, and many a man has learned the precious secret of allowing the brain itself—unaided—to digest what it is fed and work upon it subconsciously, feeling assured that as the nights and days pass unconscious cerebration will accomplish things impossible to the conscious reason. The mathematician and the chess-player solve problems in their sleep. That which seems hopelessly impossible at bedtime is accomplished without effort on waking. The brain-cells are never absolutely quiescent. The activity of some we remember as dreams, the activity of others we do not recall at all, but we know by what we afterwards do that the mind has been doing its work.

DELIGHT IN THE THOUGHT:

A book in the reading, a picture in the seeing, impresses a thousand men in a thousand different ways. To the most it is at first largely a memory; it is recalled in its detail and in its entirety with more or less accuracy; as the days and weeks go by, the book is unconsciously absorbed. We cease to recall it clearly in detail; its contents have blended with our nature; it has performed its part; it has done its work. There are men so gifted that, as they read or see, they not only take in and afterwards vividly recall every detail, but at the same time absorb what they see and read. But whether you are slow or quick in observing the things you read, see, hear, touch, you may be sure that those things are of little value to you until they are absorbed and become part of you. So long as you rely upon your memory, you are weak. The painter who tries to remember a scene as he paints is leaning upon a straw. The poet who consciously endeavors to write after the manner of somebody he admires is wasting his time. Look at a picture until you cease to recall it; read a poem until you cease to remember it,—until picture and poem have become part of you,—and, lest you might recall some detail to your disadvantage, look at hundreds of good pictures and read hundreds of good poems until all details are lost, and only the universals of beauty, of love, of sympathy remain, then paint your picture, or write your poem, and

INSPIRATION

the style, the manner, the detail will be your own even as the inspiration is your own. Your own, do I say?—as much your own as anything can be which is the product of all you have ever experienced, ever read, ever seen, ever known in life, added to all you may have inherited at birth. Nothing you do is so wholly and absolutely yours that you can claim a monopoly. The greatest inventions are but the fruition of the ages. One inventor precedes another by but a few hours. Two men, unknown to each other, applied for patents on the telephone at almost the same moment. The world depends on no man. No secret worth knowing ever dies. The master minds of the world are running neck and neck. If one drops out, another quickly takes his place. In science and all the practical concerns of life the intervals which separate the foremost thinkers are narrow indeed. Every discovery is quickly shown to have been anticipated by a thousand intimations, until it is proved that the discovery was inevitable.

In art it is somewhat different, because there are fewer of patient and indefatigable workers. The intervals separating the great art workers are wider. To produce a great picture, to produce a great poem, to produce a great piece of architecture requires a mind that has absorbed unconsciously so much of good that it is adequate to the task. The scientist stores up methodically

DELIGHT IN THE THOUGHT:

masses of facts and data, brings them logically under the sway of formulæ and laws ; that will not do for the painter or the poet ; the more he reasons, the less apt is he to do a fine thing ; the more he thinks, the less apt is he to do a good thing ; he knows neither data nor laws ; he simply feels that he can do something, that he must do something, that he cannot help doing it. Were we to attempt to describe in terms of matter this impulse, this divine afflatus, we should say that the nerve-cells of his brain are so filled that they must discharge, that he has been pouring in impressions so long that the relief must be found in action. It seems to be a psychological law that achievement must correspond to acquirement ; that we must give as much as we receive ; that action must be equal to reception : it is, perhaps, a part of that great physical law, action and reaction are equal. You cannot excite a nerve-cell without getting some response ; you cannot charge it to overflowing with impressions without getting their equivalent in expressions.

The physical bases of inspiration are the modifications of the nerve-cells, and inspiration is sub-conscious cerebration.

When a man reasons a thing out consciously and methodically, we never call him inspired ; but if he achieves a result without being able to trace the steps, if he writes or paints as if possessed by a demon, we call him inspired. Inspiration is the

INSPIRATION

resignation of one's self to one's self, the abdication of the will, the complete subordination of the reason.

When the orator is so completely carried away by his theme and his eloquence that he discards his notes, that he abandons the preconceived thread of his discourse, and gives himself up to the impulses of the moment, he is for the time being inspired.

Inspiration is the utterance of the subconscious; it is the impetuous and irresistible discharge of the overflowing nerve-cells. But it is not given to every man to yield himself completely to his inner self. Most men are of so practical a turn of mind that they know pretty well beforehand what they are going to do, and even pride themselves on their clear foresight; they suppress their impulses, distrust their intuitions, and listen only to the voice of reason; they would regret anything they happened to say unless they understood every motive of the utterance; they would erase anything they happened to write unless they comprehended fully the why and the wherefore; they would destroy anything they happened to paint unless it was well premeditated. Not that every one of us does not to a greater or less extent permit the subconscious to manifest itself in our work,—in fact, the prosiest and most matter-of-fact individual is largely a creature of the subconscious,—but most of us deliberately

DELIGHT IN THE THOUGHT:

stifle our impulses and cultivate our understandings, while at the other extreme the great poets and painters, the great prophets and creative geniuses of the world cultivate their impulses, and rely upon them to the exclusion of logic, laws, and rules, to the exclusion of deliberation and calculation, to the subordination of conscious mental processes.

There are, therefore, many degrees of inspiration from the cold, calculating methods of the scientist to the dreams of the mystic and the forebodings of the prophet. But even the scientist has his inspirations; every great discovery is more or less of an inspiration; it may come at the end of years of research, but when it does come, it is like a flash; it is as if years had been spent in the vain effort to so modify and arrange the cells of the brain as to enable them to grasp the truth, when suddenly, without warning, possibly during the night or when the mind for relief has turned to something else, the ever active cells work out the problem and announce the result. But the inspirations of science are, for the most part, choked and distorted by the arbitrary intervention of the reason, which stays the announcement of the truth for lack of methodical comprehension. Many a scientific investigator has felt impelled to announce conclusions and results he could not fully justify, and many a discovery has been delayed, not for lack

INSPIRATION

of perception, but for lack of that logical verification which science seems to demand, and which for the time being, perhaps for generations, may be impossible for lack of data, instruments, and facilities. Therefore, scientific truths are ever anticipated in poetic and prophetic literature, in what is called "inspired literature," where the imagination and the fancy are untrammelled, where every known law of the physical and spiritual world may be suggested long before any one has even a remote conception of the full significance of the suggestion.

It is no detraction from the glory of inspiration to suggest this physical basis ; on the contrary, it brings the cultivation of inspiration home to every one, and teaches the reason why it is necessary to sow our minds with the best seed if we would reap the finest thoughts. It is no detraction from the glory of the prophets and the glory of the poets of all tongues and of all times to point out that their inspired utterances must rest upon the modifications of their nerve-cells, since it makes their lives and their surroundings infinitely more interesting to us. Instead of seeking the immediate source of their inspiration in the supernatural, we look for it in their inheritance, in their habits and modes of life, in their dreams and contemplations. We find that they are men like ourselves, but men who feed their imagination and give voice to their hearts, while we stifle the

DELIGHT IN THE THOUGHT:

imagination and speak only with the understanding.

No man is perfect, and the men we deem most perfect rarely produce the best work. The moral perfection of a Newman could not produce the work of a Shakespeare; and yet who can doubt that the mind of Shakespeare was so constituted that it unconsciously absorbed the good and rejected the bad? He had that magnificent sanity which distinguished between the worthless and the worthful. We speak of an ear for music and an eye for color, why not, far more appropriately, of a mind for good? And just as the ear is so constituted physically as to distinguish nice gradations in sound, and the eye is so constituted physically as to distinguish nice gradations in color, why may not the mind be so constituted physically as to distinguish nice gradations in everything that is presented to it? Even so are there coarse minds and fine minds, minds that love doggerel better than the most beautiful ode ever written. This is not so much a matter of taste as of physical make-up; and it so happens that the body usually reflects the mind,—a coarse, brutal exterior implying an interior no better.

To multiply illustrations often confuses without advancing an argument. We have spoken of Milton, let us return to him. His life was one long preparation for his work. His father, a man of force and character, possessed considerable mu-

INSPIRATION

sical taste and ability. He gave his son the advantage of private tutors. "Both at the grammar-school and also under the masters at home," says Milton, "he caused me to be instructed daily. From my twelfth year of age I scarcely ever went from my studies to bed before midnight." So handsome in person and so strict in morals, he was known in college as the "lady of Christ's College," and he was not popular with his classmates on account of his independence and austerity. He remained, however, seven years at the university, three years after taking his degree. To the Greek and Latin of the college he added French, Italian, and Hebrew, and became an expert swordsman. His intellectual superiority was recognized. A quaint summary of his university career as a whole is that he "performed the collegiate and academic exercises to the admiration of all, and was esteemed to be a virtuous and sober person, yet not to be ignorant of his own parts,"—which last observation is the pith of the whole matter. Milton himself speaks of "a certain niceness of nature, an honest haughtiness, and self-esteem of what I was or what I ought to be," as one of his early traits. Here is a man, a young man, who feels that there is something in him, that he is worth cultivating ; who is very sure that if he sows his mind with the right seed he will some day reap a rich harvest. He is taking no chances on the future ; he is not dreaming

DELIGHT IN THE THOUGHT:

his youth away ; he is not waiting, hat in hand, for some lucky inspiration. He is laying solid foundations of granite ; he is storing up in the cells of his strong, healthy, capacious brain the material for future accomplishment, and he is doing it with a deliberateness that is almost cold-blooded,—a deliberateness which, mark you, shows to a certain extent in his finest work, depriving it of the superb spontaneity, of the richness, fire, and abandon of Shakespeare's.

Milton knew nothing of brain-cells and psychophysiological theories and discoveries. To him education was a matter of the mind as distinguished from the body ; but if he had known all that the more patient modern investigator knows, he could not have pursued a wiser or better course. He was as patiently and thoroughly educating and developing the individual cells of his brain as if he had understood the mechanism of nerve-action.

After leaving Cambridge, Milton lived for something more than five years with his father in the country, some twenty miles from London. "He was wholly intent through a period of absolute leisure on a steady perusal of the Greek and Latin writers, but still so that occasionally he exchanged the city either for the purpose of buying books or for that of learning anything new in mathematics or in music, in which he then took delight." It was during this sojourn in the

INSPIRATION

country that he composed the best of his shorter poems.

For fifteen months he travelled on the Continent, returning on account of the condition of political affairs in England. "I consider it to be dishonorable to be enjoying myself at my ease in foreign lands while my countrymen were striking a blow for freedom." He plunged into politics on the part of the people, wrote a defence of the execution of the king, and was rewarded with office ; called upon for more pamphlets, he sacrificed his eyesight in these compositions. Blind at forty-three, his life work was still before him.

"Paradise Lost" was not finished until 1663, but twenty-three years before he had chosen the title and outlined the scheme. Manuscripts in his own handwriting still preserved at Cambridge contain jottings and memoranda concerning over fifty subjects for epic and tragic verse.

He definitely announced his intention of systematically cultivating his mind for many years to come by select reading, steady observation, and insight into all seemly and generous arts and affairs,—not with the desire of storing the memory, not at all. Milton warns against Dame Memory and her Siren daughters, but all things are to be so absorbed as to become a part of him. With Milton inspiration was largely the result of cultivation. He did not write lightly

DELIGHT IN THE THOUGHT:

and vainly, but he seemed to understand that expression is bound to follow impression, that restraint means accumulation, that patience is the plant of which inspiration is the flower, that when he could absorb no more, the impulse to write would be irresistible.

I do not mean to say that you should follow the example of Milton. No two men are alike, and each must to a certain extent follow his own bent, some will produce quickly and well, others require time, but whether it be your nature to produce impulsively or not, this much is certain, you will do better work, finer work, greater work, if you keep yourselves ever in contact with the best there is. Do not imagine for a moment that you can idly roam the streets searching for an inspiration in the gutters and ever find anything worth having. If it be your desire to write or paint of the gutters, of the alleys and by-ways of life, you cannot do it profoundly and well by lounging through them hands in pockets; you cannot do it profoundly and well by living in them and becoming contaminated by the life in them; your sympathy must have a finer and firmer foundation than that of association; your inspiration must have a broader basis than that of observation. If you paint the seamy side of life, it must be through no sordid motive, no craving for notoriety, no sympathy with or love for the life itself, but rather because in your broad

INSPIRATION

and comprehensive interest in life it interests you as a phase, a dark and wretched phase, but still a phase of life, the existence of which is all too evident. If you wait for such an impulse, to be moved by such considerations, you will probably never paint the vicious side of life at all.

I do not mean that you are to carefully pass by misery and vice with averted eyes,—that is the act of a moral coward. Whatever you meet in life you must look at bravely and fearlessly, but not too curiously; and before you deliberately seek out vice and misery, be sure your armor is of sufficient strength to withstand the blows it will receive. The dents that will be made, the impressions you will physically receive, can never be entirely effaced; the memory of scenes witnessed will remain while life lasts, therefore you must be strong indeed to so counteract the evil as to get a residuum of good from your experiences. As I have already said, the artistic temperament, so called, is in a condition of unstable equilibrium; it is exceedingly susceptible to influences of all kinds, and unhappily it is seldom so fortified by education and development as to enable it to resist disintegrating influences. We all know artists whose work indicates all too plainly the unfortunate bias received from some chance association, some early environment, some strong friendship, some fascinating theory. Literature is a record of genius perverted, of

DELIGHT IN THE THOUGHT :

promise unfulfilled, of souls subordinated to their environment.

In laying so much stress upon preparation, I would not be understood as urging you to work with too great deliberation, with too much intention,—not at all ; for if your work lacks spontaneity, it lacks vitality. What you do you must do because you cannot help doing it, because you are bursting with utterance, because you can no longer keep silence. The right sort of impulse, the right sort of inspiration, will well up from below. You will not know its sources, you may be dumb with amazement at what you feel and do, and you may do your work in a fine frenzy and witness its completion as the product of a dream. It is this deep subconscious well of inspiration and of impulse that you must feed all your life long, else it will run dry. You must pour into it good thoughts, good ideas, good perceptions, good sensations. You need not bother about arranging them, you need not worry about their topical sequence and consequence. That wonderful brain mechanism, which moves on day and night whether you are conscious of what it is doing or not, will take up and dispose of everything that comes to it, and will do its subconscious work much more accurately and automatically than it does its conscious. There is no indecision, no hesitation about the subconscious workings of the brain. Indecision is an attri-

INSPIRATION

bute of consciousness,—I am by no means sure that it is not the distinguishing feature ; certain it is that the more conscious you are of what you are doing, the less sure you are of results. If you think of this stroke and of that, of this line and of that, of this effect and of that, you are in trouble,—but of this we shall have something to say in the next lecture.

The overwhelming power of this subconscious personality cannot be over-estimated. It is of you, it is well-nigh all there is of you. It is both the foundation and the edifice of which your conscious moments are but the more or less uncertain additions and ornaments. It is the ocean upon which your conscious thoughts, reasonings, and imaginings are the ripples, serene in your idle and dreamy hours, tempest tossed in your moments of passion and strong impulse. And with the years this subconscious personality, this mighty substratum of character, goes on increasing ; all your impressions, all your reflections, all that you see and hear and read, are absorbed there ; much is rejected, much is apparently forgotten, but nothing is wholly and absolutely lost ; and it is this mighty personality—the true ego—that reacts to all your impressions and produces all your works. You may think you are doing a thing on the impulse of the moment, that you are doing it because you wish to do it, whereas, in truth, you are acting upon the impulse of all

DELIGHT IN THE THOUGHT:

your years and all the years that have preceded you ; yours is the inspiration of the ages, and what you do you cannot help doing ; above all, the manner of your doing it is inevitable. But there are souls and souls, natures and natures,—some shallow and stagnant like mill-ponds, others rapid and rushing like rivers, others vast and deep like oceans, and still others—the chosen few—with breadth and depth like the embracing universe. The inspiration of each varies with its capacity,—the mill-pond soul idly reflects the moods of the hour, the river soul responds impetuously to whatever moves it, the ocean soul is profound in utterance, great in achievement ; the universal soul is the prophet and seer of all time.

You are what you are, and must do the best you can ; but you are not doing the best you can unless you have some sort of just appreciation of the lesser things you will not do and the greater things you cannot do. If you vainly imagine that an inferior thing is a great thing just because it is yours, because it is near to you and you love it, then, indeed, is your condition hopeless and improvement impossible. Happy the poet who can read his verses on the second day and destroy them ; happy the painter who can view his picture and scrape it out,—success is for such men. Wretched the poet who sings contentedly his doggerel, the painter who gloats over his daub. Go visit the world's masterpieces and measure

INSPIRATION

your insignificance. And if—as so many nowadays do—you cherish some pet theory, some fanciful practice or method, some strange technique, which you vainly imagine will carry you to the top, go clothe yourself in sackcloth and ashes, for you are as a man wandering in a wilderness, bereft of sight, with neither path nor clew for guide.

At the outset I said that inspiration is the speaking of that which is but dimly perceived, without being fully comprehended at the moment, but which future generations find to be true. By this time you begin to understand how this is possible,—how it is possible for a man to do that which he does not understand, to accomplish that which surprises him. The man does not live who has not felt many times in his career the amazement which attends spontaneous achievement,—to use the phrase in the sense we speak of spontaneous combustion. If we followed our mental processes and our actions closely, we should find that not a day, not an hour, passes which does not afford some proof of this unconscious activity. We should find, in fact, that we do very little consciously and deliberately. Even when we are most in earnest, most absorbed, a moment's reflection serves to convince that our thoughts are vagrant while our hands are persistent. We work steadily and methodically while thinking of many things, of the completion of the work, and

DELIGHT IN THE THOUGHT:

dreaming of the fame it will bring ; possibly the delight of the evening hour to follow steals over us and a face obtrudes before, or visions of the past arise to fill our eyes with tears, and cause the willing hand to falter,—and often these fancies prove so strong the work stops, and we rouse ourselves as from a trance to continue again. Try some time when you are working, and you will see clearly that never—unless you are the veriest mechanic—is your mind upon the precise thing your fingers are doing, never is it following intently the mechanical results of the sweep of the brush or the flow of the color. No, your hand is deliberately and faithfully doing what it must do under the control of your subconscious personality. While your eyes see the work as a totality, in its environment, in all its relations ; your mind is filled with the end in view. The musician does not watch each finger as it finds the right key, but listens to the harmony produced, and, if a genius, will listen with as much surprise, as much delight and amazement, at the strange effects coming from he knows not where, as any auditor. It is in music and poetry the human soul yields most completely to those mysterious forces thought so long to be the whisperings of angels.

In his essay on "Inspiration," Emerson says, "Everything which we hear for the first time was expected by the mind ; the newest discovery was

INSPIRATION

expected. In the mind we call this enlarged power Inspiration. I believe that nothing great and lasting can be done except by inspiration, by leaning upon the secret augury."

Emerson's mysterious insight into the heart of things is marvellously illustrated in that last phrase, "Nothing great and lasting can be done except by inspiration, by leaning upon the secret augury," by listening to those inner voices, so often mistaken for communings from above. He quotes Jacob Behmen, who said, "Art has not wrote here, nor was there any time to consider how to set it punctually down according to the right understanding of the letters, but all was ordered according to the direction of the spirit, which often went on haste, so that the penman's hand, by reason he was not accustomed to it, did often shake. And, though I could have written in a more accurate, fair, and plain manner, the burning fire often forced forward with speed, and the hand and pen must hasten directly after it, for it comes and goes as a sudden shower. In one quarter of an hour I saw and knew more than if I had been many years together at an university."

Every poet is a witness to these hidden sources of poetic energy and enthusiasm. The words and the rhymes and the rhythms come unbidden. Stretched at length upon the grass in the bright hours of the morning, Keats poured forth his

DELIGHT IN THE THOUGHT:

song to the nightingale. The spell was on him ;
he was full to utterance ; from the inmost re-
sources of his soul the song welled up.

“ My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains
My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk,
Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains
One minute past, and Lethe-wards had sunk :
’Tis not through envy of thy happy lot,
But being too happy in thine happiness,—
That thou, light-winged Dryad of the trees,
In some melodious plot
Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,
Singest of summer in full-throated ease.

“ I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,
Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs,
But, in embalmed darkness, guess each sweet
Wherewith the seasonable month endows
The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree wild ;
White hawthorn, and the pastoral eglantine ;
Fast fading violets cover’d up in leaves ;
And mid-May’s eldest child,
The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,
The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves.”

The witchery of night entralls us, we strain
our ears to catch the vanishing notes, darkness
falls,—do we wake or sleep? And yet the ode
was written by day ; the poet was dead to all
immediate sensations ; he neither saw nor heard,
—he simply felt. He resigned himself to him-
self and composed, inspired.

Angels may commune with us, spirits may

INSPIRATION

command us,—who knows? But the more we learn concerning ourselves, the plainer does it become that we are ourselves responsible for what we are; that if our stored-up impressions and our past thoughts are not and have not been good, then our inspirations will not be good. We need blame neither angels nor spirits for our shortcomings. As we have sown so do we reap. The "secret augury" is that basis of accumulated impressions which have transformed the nerve-cells of the nervous system into storage batteries, ready to discharge on slightest provocation. That provocation may be the happy song of a bird in the morning; but the result may be an ode in mournful minor key to a nightingale. The lamentable failures of poets-laureate are due largely to the fact that they try to control their inspiration, to compel the "secret augury" to speak as they deliberately desire. Their poetry is of malice aforethought. Think you the death of a king could call forth "Adonais," or the death of a prince, "In Memoriam"?

I can give you no recipe for a good picture. I can give you no formula for a good poem; but I can tell you that as you feed the fire so will the flame be. No man knows exactly why or how he does a great thing, and the greatest works of man have never been fully understood by their creators. Think you Shakespeare fully apprehended the universal value of his plays and their

DELIGHT IN THE THOUGHT:

immortality? Happily for us, he worked without knowing his own strength. Had he thought of the future and comprehended what he was doing, the chances are his hand would have been stayed, he would have become self-conscious, intention would have usurped the place of inspiration, and instead of lines pregnant with subtle beauties, truths, and applications, we should have had prosy pages of mechanically good dramatic work. The poet—the true poet, the great poet—never pauses to work out a thought to its last analysis ; he never rides a notion weary ; he does not even stop to grasp it ; sufficient for him that as he writes the thought comes unbidden from some secret source ; he catches but a glimpse of it, jots down a bare suggestion, and it is lost in the surge of ideas. The patient reader of a distant generation will note the suggestion, find the traces,—the thought-dust,—and construct therefrom a world of beauty. If by chance you do a great thing, be sure that of all men you will understand it least. Your very nearness to it will prevent your comprehending it. The best things you do will be quite other than what you intended. When the hidden and unsuspected forces of the mind break forth like waters from some mighty reservoir, sweeping before them all thought, all intention, all carefully matured plans, all projects and schemes, seize pen or pencil, brush or chisel, in hand as firm as iron, in grasp as sure as fate, for then, and only then,

INSPIRATION

are you sure to do that which will live with the ages. Glory is not to be had for the asking ; fame is not won by wooing ; strange goddess, she comes unbidden or she comes not at all ; seek her and you find her not ; the gift you think will win her favor, she rejects, and cherishes most the work of an idle hour, a rejected manuscript, a canvas cast one side, a bit of marble long buried in the sands, tottering columns, and crumbling stone.

IV

DELIGHT IN THE SYMBOL : EXPRESSION

AT the very beginning of our discussion we said that man is a combination of thought and symbol,—thought seeking expression, and symbol, the means whereby the thought is expressed ; and art we defined to be delight in both the thought and the symbol. We have considered delight as the very soul of art, without which there can be no art, and we have considered delight in the thought,—the sincerity, the conviction, the inspiration of the artist. We now come to delight in the symbol,—delight in the manner and mode of expression ; and when we have duly considered this, our argument is finished, only the final application of our conclusions remaining,—not that one lecture or a thousand lectures would suffice to say all there is to be said, for the vitality of art is such that the last word can be said only by the last man with his last breath, but in the hour before us the argument may be outlined, the points indicated.

It is the fashion, nowadays, to over-estimate the importance of the symbol ; to say that it matters little what you paint so long as you paint

EXPRESSION

it well. "Technique is art," says one ; if so, then an idiot faithfully following at the piano an air he has just heard is a musician, and the mechanical copyists at the Louvre are among the great painters of France. Technique is a very essential element of art, but not all there is of art.

Oddly enough, this notion of the overwhelming importance of technique is dominant only in the domain of painting ; in music it has its ill effects ; but in sculpture, architecture, and poetry, technique is quite subordinate to the inspiration.

There are, as we shall see farther on, sculptors, architects, and poets, whose delight in the symbol, in the outward manifestation of their ideas, in their manner and mode of expressing themselves, apparently dominates their delight in their thought ; but few, indeed, are the examples of fine sculpture, fine architecture, fine poetry wherein we see and feel the delight in the purely technical side overshadowing completely the conception ; whereas we see many a painting which says to us, in so many words, "I have neither mind, nor heart, nor soul ; I am empty of all thought, all sincerity, all conviction, but—like a simpering court beauty, a creature of powder and patch—I am well painted. Don't you admire me ?"

These poor, tawdry, tinselly things stare us in the face at every exhibition, cover the walls and usurp the places of their betters, until the world

DELIGHT IN THE SYMBOL :

yields to the imposition and faintly echoes the alluring phrase, "Technique is art."

There are poets whose empty sounding verse suggests little beyond technique, but they are not among the great ones of the earth. No one mistakes rhythm and rhyme for poetry ; we all know they are but the outward trappings, the form and mould of something far more essential. Why, then, should you be deceived about painting when your vision is clear concerning poetry? All art is one, however manifold the guises of its manifestation. Because one man paints while another sings, because one embodies his dreams in marble while another rears edifices in stone, it does not follow they are not kith and kin, devotees at the same shrine, worshippers of the same ideals ; what is true of one is true of the other ; what applies to the art of one applies to the art of the other. If technique is the end and aim of painting, it is the end and aim of poetry, of music, of sculpture, of architecture ; but it is not ; and so true is it that technique is not art, that most poetry is better than most painting, for the very reason that it is not, and never was, the fashion among poets to say that technique is the sum and substance of their art, and to devote their whole lives to the intricacies and beauties of rhyme and rhythm to the exclusion of almost everything else ; whereas many a painter becomes so involved in the intricacies and mysteries of the

EXPRESSION

practical side of painting, so infatuated with the effects produced, that he is lost to all else. This is largely due to the fact that the painter's medium is so much more intricate and mysterious than the verse of the poet. The more difficult the medium the greater the danger of its monopolizing the attention ; some musicians can never wholly get their eyes off their hands and fingers, their minds off their methods. Color is so elusive, line so subtle, light and shade so evanescent, that the greatest artists despair of perfection, and all their lives long strive and strive and strive to do better. Small wonder that many in despair cry out "technique is art ;" paint well so much as an autumn leaf, and you have painted the universe.

It is written that Degas once said of a drawing of a hand by Ingres, "Look at those finger-nails ; see how they are indicated. That's my idea of genius,—a man who finds a hand so lovely, so wonderful, so difficult to render, that he will shut himself up all his life, content to do nothing else but indicate finger-nails." Why so much as a finger-nail ? why not a fractional section of a nail ? Degas probably never said, or never meant, so extravagant a thing, yet his own art—fine as it is—is an illustration of the triumph of technique. He paints well, wonderfully well, the things he sees, but he is quite indifferent as to what he sees, and often sees things scarce worth painting at all.

Technique is a mode of expression,—it is the

DELIGHT IN THE SYMBOL

outward manifestation, the form and substance, the symbol, of some living thing. It is for you to master technique, and not permit technique to master you ; it is for you to know it and understand it so well that you forget that it exists. Somehow or other we can fancy Shakespeare so oblivious to his technique that his dreams and fancies alone commanded him. Somehow or other, in the presence of the mutilated fragments of the pediment of the Parthenon, we feel that technique was neither an object nor an obstacle to the divinely gifted sculptor. In the best of Keats, in the most beautiful of Shelley, in the finest things wherever found, we have that same feeling of the perfect mastery of technique which makes the very great artist seem almost careless and indifferent to his manner and form.

As we have already noted, the technique of poetry is so simple that there is no school of rhythm and rhyme. The literature of the technical side of poetry, the books devoted to the rudiments of making poetry, can be counted almost on the fingers of your two hands, and these books the great poets of the world never heard of. The poet serves no long apprenticeship in the endeavor to learn the practical side of his art ; he notes the few forms that have come down from the past ; he reads the works of those who have gone before, and then he sings for himself the things that are in him. The very

EXPRESSION

simplicity of the poet's technique gives scope for his inspiration; he is not distracted by this "method" and that, by this "school" and that, by enthusiastic students and teachers eagerly following some new idea; his palette is a bottle of ink that requires no new setting with every new scheme of coloring; his brush a pen that requires no new choosing for every departure in execution.

With the painter it is different,—not essentially different, but practically. There is much to learn, experiments to be made, suggestions and discoveries to be worked out. You must learn if you can how the best the world knows has been done, and do better if possible. Your colors and your brushes are different; your canvas is not exactly the same; you can never know just how any picture was painted. If Velasquez were living, he could not tell you about his; Leonardo left a book, but there is no word in it which explains the mystery of the "Mona Lisa;" Angelo wrote and wrote and wrote, but never a word that would enable you to carve but a fragment like unto the "David." No, it is not given to any man to comprehend the work of another; it is not given to any great soul to comprehend its own work. The greater the work the more incomprehensible it is. The child of genius is the child of mystery. The work of the plodder is understood; the work of him to whom "technique is art" is under-

DELIGHT IN THE SYMBOL:

stood ; reason comprehendeth reason, and he who does things according to the dictates of reason is always understood. The slave of technique, the slave of method, of system, of school, is not difficult of comprehension ; in fact, comprehension—reasoned, argued, painstakingly worked-out comprehension—is what he wants, what his system demands. If you do not clearly understand exactly why he painted in the manner he did, why this shadow is purple or that brown, why this is faintly indicated and that more fully outlined,—if you do not understand all these things, he will tell you ; and if you do not understand after he tells you, or do not care to understand at all, then you are—from his point of view—a poor, weak creature, whose interest in art is of too vague and dreamy a character to further concern him ; but if you prove to be a congenial soul, he will argue with you all night about the size of a brush and the direction of a stroke, until for days and days you see nothing but brushes and strokes in every picture, and he—poor fool—turns with feverish haste to his easel to carry forward the experiments suggested by the discussion.

There is no end to study, but each day should bring its achievement. If fresh doubts assail you at the end of each day's work, then there is something wrong, something wrong with you or with those about you. Every man has his hours,

EXPRESSION

his days and weeks, of depression, of doubt, of despair—such is human nature ; but these days and weeks should not continue indefinitely,—you must feel and recognize your progress. You may despair in the presence of a great work, but that is the very healthiest sort of despair. The young sculptor who does not stand speechless before the winged Nike of Samothrace,—who does not feel the tremendous interval which separates him from that sort of achievement, is wretched indeed, for the greater the despair of the moment, the more certain his future. Hopeless, indeed, the lot of him who eyes with easy assurance the sweeping graces of that majestic figure and talks with glib tongue of curve and line, for he will never do so much as the smallest fold of a flowing garment after the manner of the master. But the lover, the worshipper, he who bares his head and bends his knee in humble recognition of a power seemingly so far beyond him, such a one is sure to do something—something possibly as good ; but if he does do something as good he will not know it ; his hands will fashion it, his soul conceive it, all unconsciously. The master-piece is never of malice aforethought ; it is never premeditated ; the easel you place for it knows it not ; your friends do not gather to praise it ; the world has no hint of it ; it is born of an idle hour, child of a careless fancy ; its home is a forgotten corner of the studio ; with

DELIGHT IN THE SYMBOL:

face to wall it awaits its opportunity ; that opportunity may come in your lifetime, more likely after you are dead, but come it will, for the master-piece cannot be effaced ; it is marked by a divine harmony between hand and heart—conception and execution—inspiration and manifestation, a perfect mingling of the two delights—delight in thought and delight in symbol—that careless, joyous delight which is inconsistent with effort, with premeditation, with deliberation. The master-piece is never labored, it betrays no effort—it just comes spontaneously, inevitably, because no power on earth could prevent its coming.

Strive to write a Hamlet, and the result will be pitiable ; try to paint an "Infante," and your canvas will be a daub ; but read Hamlet and admire the play as beyond you ; gaze lovingly at the little "Infante" as something you cannot do, then go do the best you can, with no thought of emulation, no thought of great achievement, but just a determination to do in your own way, and along your own lines, the very best you can, and the chances are you will do something good, with a possibility that you may do something so good that in days to come the world will love and worship what you have done.

If in what I have said so far I seem to belittle the technical side of art, then I am indeed misunderstood ; but just now the swing of the pendulum of opinion in the art world is so far to the

EXPRESSION

other extreme that it is necessary to speak plainly if your sense of proportion is to be restored. But technique is everything in this sense, and only in this sense ; it is your mode and manner of expression,—your voice,—and as such needs constant care and cultivation to enable you to express yourselves perfectly. You will be students of technique all your life. There will never be a time when you know it all ; there will never be a time when you will not stand wistfully before the beautiful things of the world and wonder how they were done, and wish that you had something of the grace and power to do the like ; and those of you who were created to attain noble things will strive each day to do a little better than the day before, to accomplish things with a little greater facility and a little finer effect.

In his life of Luca della Robbia, Vasari says, "He was placed by his father to learn the art of the goldsmith with Leonardo di Ser Giovanni, who was then held to be the best master in Florence for that vocation. Luca therefore having learned to draw and to model in wax from this Leonardo, found his confidence increase, and set himself to attempt certain works in marble and bronze. In these arts he succeeded tolerably well, and this caused him altogether to abandon his trade of a goldsmith and give himself up entirely to sculpture, insomuch that he did nothing but work with his chisel all day, and by night he

DELIGHT IN THE SYMBOL:

practised himself in drawing ; and this he did with so much zeal that when his feet were often frozen with cold in the night-time he kept them in a basket of shavings to warm them, that he might not be compelled to discontinue his drawings. Nor am I in the least astonished at this, since no man becomes distinguished in any art whatsoever who does not early begin to acquire the power of supporting heat, cold, hunger, thirst, and other discomforts ; wherefore, those persons deceive themselves altogether who suppose that, while taking their ease and surrounded by all the enjoyments of the world, they may still attain to honorable distinction ; for it is not by sleeping, but by waking, watching, and laboring continually that proficiency is attained and reputation acquired."

A great musician once said, "Until you have so far conquered your fingers that they are absolutely submissive to your slightest whim and fancy, until technical difficulties interpose no obstacle to the variations of your mood and the exigencies of the interpretation, you cannot be a great performer on any instrument."

"I am bold to say,
I can do with my pencil what I know,
What I see, what at bottom of my heart
I wish for, if I ever wish so deep—
Do easily, too—when I say perfectly,
I do not boast, perhaps ; yourself are judge

EXPRESSION

Who listened to the legate's talk last week ;
And just as much they used to say in France.
At any rate 'tis easy, all of it !
No sketches first, no studies, that's long past :
I do what many dream of all their lives,—
Dream ? strive to do, and agonize to do,
And fail in doing. I could count twenty such
On twice your fingers, and not leave this town,
Who strive—you don't know how the others strive
To paint a little thing like that you smeared
Carelessly passing with your robes afloat,—
Yet do much less."

So Browning made Del Sarto say. Can you say
as much ? Are your dreams so much your own
that you do command them ? Is your hand so
finely skilled it knows no effort, and what you see
and feel you can display with skill and fine assurance ?
Perfection is the fine fruition of a life of
effort. It comes to most so quickly, so unexpectedly,
that they are often unaware and learn
their full worth only in after years ; or, sadder still,
die in ignorance, leaving their fame to future generations.

To the great soul life is all too short ; the
achievement of to-day is the imperfection of the
morrow ; nothing is ever finally and eternally
finished ; the hour never comes when striving
yields to complacency and satisfaction palsies
strenuous effort ; but even as one hand pushes
back the gates of death, the other fondly turns to
do just one thing more, and do it well. Our days

DELIGHT IN THE SYMBOL :

are long in proportion as they are occupied. Life is measured by events—not hours. A hut of straw is worth a thousand castles in Spain ; but the fair proportions, the gilded domes, and blazing turrets of our dream-palaces may inspire us to rear more perfectly humble dwellings on earth. You must have and cultivate your hours of fancy, those moments of exultation when in your day-dreams you see some great work accomplished, hear the resounding plaudits of the multitude, and bow your head for the laurel wreath. Such moments are often the incentive to great deeds ; it is for you to see they end in something other than clouds and mists, that from them something comes other than weak and helpless inefficiency ; dreams without deeds are the soul's dejection.

For the present purpose all artists may be divided into three classes :

A. Those in whose works delight in the thought predominates.

B. Those in whose works delight in the symbol predominates.

C. Those in whose works delight in thought and delight in symbol are so evenly proportioned that neither predominates over the other.

Or, to restate the three classes in other words,—

Those whose minds are so intent upon what they have to say upon the subject, that the manner and mode of expression are of quite secondary consideration.

EXPRESSION

Those whose minds are so intent upon their methods, upon their manner and mode of expression, upon their technique, that their subject, their thought, their conception is of quite secondary consideration.

Those whose minds are so evenly and serenely balanced that in whatever they do they give the same thought, the same consideration, the same pains to, and take the same delight in, both subject and execution, putting their whole heart into the choice of their subject, and putting their whole heart into the expression of what they have chosen.

It is these last who produce the world's best art,—the best sculpture, architecture, music, poetry,—the best of everything; for there is a sense of proportion, a sense of completeness, a sense of eternal fitness in what they do, that the work of the others lacks, interesting and stimulating though it may be. The subject need not be great, the execution need not be grand, to exhibit this fine and satisfying proportion. The strength of the Dutch school of the seventeenth century lies in this proportion between conception and execution. I have in mind a small and unimportant picture by Gerard Douw,—an interior, a man seated near a window, the light shining in upon him. I recall the beautiful faded blue of the little curtain, the vitality of the flesh tones, the subtle indication of this detail and that, the

DELIGHT IN THE SYMBOL:

effect of the light through the window,—it was all so charming and delightful,—nothing great or grand or overwhelming, as is usually found in the least important of Rembrandt's works, but just a sense of fine proportion, of delight in the conception and delight in the execution,—just the adequate expression of what the painter wished to express. One could go on naming hundreds of Dutch pictures exhibiting this same sense of proportion. One might choose with perfect safety an interior by Jan Steen,—the subject might not be interesting, the execution far from brilliant, or even satisfying, but the sense of proportion between subject and execution would be present, the story would be the man's, and his manner of telling it characteristically his own, neither forced nor artificial.

Of this Dutch school, Fromentin said, "If you omit Rembrandt, . . . you perceive but one style and one method in all the studios in Holland. The aim is to imitate what is, to make what is imitated charming, to clearly express simple, lively, and true sensations. Thus the style has the simplicity and clearness of the principle. It has for law, sincerity ; for obligation, truth. Its first condition is to be familiar, natural, and characteristic, whence results a whole of moral qualities, innocent simplicity, patient will, and directness. It might be called the transportation of domestic virtues from private life into the

EXPRESSION

practice of art, serving equally well for good conduct and painting. Remove from Dutch art what might be called its probity, and you would no longer comprehend its vital element ; it would be impossible afterwards to define either its morality or its style. But, even as in the most practical life there are springs of action which elevate behavior, thus in this art reputed so positive, among these painters considered for the most part as near-sighted copyists, you feel a loftiness and goodness of soul, a tenderness for the true, a cordiality for the real, which give to their works a value that the things themselves do not seem to have. Hence their ideality, an ideal a little misunderstood, rather despised, but indisputable for him who can seize it, and very attractive to him who knows how to relish it. . . . The basis of this sincere style and the first effect of this probity is the drawing, the perfect drawing," and "as to their palette, it is as good as their drawing ; it is worth neither more nor less, whence results the perfect unity of their method. All Dutch painters paint in the same way, and nobody has painted or can paint as they did. . . . It is a painting made with application, with order, which denotes a well-poised hand, and labor executed while sitting, which presupposes perfect composure, and inspires it in those who study it. The mind meditated to conceive it ; the mind meditates to comprehend it. There is a certain

DELIGHT IN THE SYMBOL:

action, easy to follow, of exterior objects upon the painter's eye, and through it upon his brain. No painting gives a clearer idea of the triple and silent operation of feeling, reflecting, and expressing."

In Jean François Millet—of whom we already have had occasion to speak—we have a conspicuous example of those painters in whom delight in the subject is greater than delight in the symbol. Millet tried at first to do things as others did them, to paint nudes, portraits, and some more or less conventional compositions, but without success. In painting these earlier things we may well believe his mind was on his method, that the technical side of his art interested him quite as much as the subject. But when he found his voice, he was overwhelmed by the message he had to utter,—the words came slowly and thickly, there was little music in his speech, but he spoke with an overpowering sense of conviction. The manner of his painting no longer interested him so much as the matter. It was no longer art for art's sake, but art for the peasant's sake, art for the sake of people who never saw his pictures, and who, if they had seen them, would have been the last to be moved by them. Those of you who had the good fortune to see "The Angelus," when it was exhibited in this country some years ago, will recall how the sentiment dominated everything,—like a faint minor

EXPRESSION

chord ringing in the ears, it appealed to the heart and bade the judgment be still.

I wonder how many of you saw those mighty canvases of Verestchagin, the Russian painter, when they were here,—the ghastly contortions of the Hindoo bound to the mouth of a cannon, and about to be blown to pieces, a fate to him more terrible than death ; the three small pictures ; the forgotten sentinel, alone in a waste of flying snow, freezing, drowsy, and at last sleeping, half covered by the merciless mantle of white. Do you remember those terrible pictures of battle and carnage? If you do, then you will understand what is meant when we say that many artists delight more in their subjects, their conceptions, their inspirations, than in their execution, for Verestchagin was not a good painter,—nothing in the world saved his pictures from quick and utter oblivion but their dramatic power and intensity.

If a man has anything to say, he is sure to catch the ear of the world, even though he stammers and speaks brokenly ; but if a man has anything to say, and says it well, he commands the attention of generations.

In the American section of the Fine Arts Building at the Exposition of 1893, there was a picture called "Breaking Home Ties,"—a youth parting from his mother, from the humble home and surroundings of his childhood, to go forth in the world. The very simplicity of the scene

DELIGHT IN THE SYMBOL:

attracted, the universal character of the story appealed to the masses hurrying by. It was a picture the average man could understand ; it required no explanation ; the scene was only too familiar. I think it quite possible that no one picture in the entire exhibition has been mentioned or reproduced so many times. And yet it was neither good in execution nor strong in conception ; it was, in short, commonplace in the extreme ; but it was in its way another illustration of that large class of pictures wherein interest in the subject is so much more conspicuous than interest in the execution. We cannot help feeling that to the artist, as well as to the public, the subject was the one thing of vital importance. He was thinking all the time more of what he wished to paint than of the manner of painting it. That is ever the danger of so-called "literary" art, "story-telling" art,—the subject is very apt to get the better of you, and you are apt to mistake a scene that is dramatic for a result that is artistic.

Do you remember that enormous canvas depicting realistically "The Entry of Charles the Bold into Nesle"? Do you remember the king on his charger riding straight to the steps of the altar, his followers killing, slaying, massacring men, women, and children until the stones of the cathedral floor were covered with dead and dying? It was all horrible, all a nightmare ; there was

EXPRESSION

much good painting here and there,—a gown, a bit of flesh, a gleam of light on crest or shield ; but what did the few technical achievements amount to beside the stupefying horror of the subject? The artist chose his theme, and, like a wild horse of the plains, it ran away with him ; he could not contemplate it with the equanimity requisite for good painting. Suppose I should suddenly ask one of you to paint the murder of Duncan by Macbeth,—Shakespeare did not do it ; but that, of course, is no reason why the realistic artist of to-day should not attempt it,—do you think you could picture the scene in your imagination and place it upon canvas as calmly as you would paint a flower? If you could, then there would be something wofully lacking on the side of your imagination.

There are great artists who come very near accomplishing the apparently impossible, who feel intensely the horror of a tragic situation, and yet who can depict that situation with as much delight in their method as if they were painting a child at play ; but theirs is a Ulysses voyage, the perils they escape would overwhelm the average soul. Rubens, in his "Descent from the Cross," painted with great force a scene of overpowering interest. A nature more profoundly religious would have been so moved by the very magnitude and solemnity of the conception that the hand would be paralyzed ; a nature more profoundly emo-

DELIGHT IN THE SYMBOL:

tional might have paused forever on the brink of execution. But Rubens was neither profoundly religious nor profoundly emotional,—his religion was superficial, his emotion was exuberant,—neither religion nor emotion could either subdue or materially affect his superb though florid technique. He was essentially a painter,—theatrical, rhetorical, oratorical, if you please,—but a wielder of the brush, a master of color, brilliantly superb in his dash and execution. So harmoniously did his hand and brain work together that in contemplating his best works we feel that sense of proportion which is aroused by the best there is in art and life. His shortcomings were manifest equally in both conception and execution. "The Descent from the Cross," like its companion piece, "The Ascent," is a work of art, a work of very great art; but it is, after all and at best, a work of art only and nothing more,—it lacks that indispensable something which makes of "The Angelus" just a little more than a mere work of art. As a work of art, "The Angelus" does not compare for a moment with "The Descent from the Cross;" it falls short in grandeur of conception and in execution; but in "The Angelus" there is just a little more of the human soul than in the master-piece of Rubens. In painting the one it is quite possible that Millet paused many a time, his eyes moist with sympathy; in painting the other it does not seem

EXPRESSION

possible that the heart of Rubens ever beat a stroke the faster in vivid realization of the sufferings of Christ and the despair of Mary Magdalene. On the contrary, the more we see of Rubens the more we feel that there was a man of superb equanimity, who could paint with brilliancy and power almost unsurpassed his allotted hours each day, calmly lay aside the brush, mount his horse, ride, and then dine and enjoy himself like the delightful man of the world he was, to return to his work on the morrow, even as the builder resumes the construction of his edifice interrupted only by the intervention of night.

Dante and Milton could picture hell as they saw it in verse of great beauty and dignity. Their visions are adequately expressed. We feel no shortcomings in the language. Here and there the vision becomes so grand, so appalling, so terrifying, it can only be indicated, and the attempt is not made to depict in detail ; but quite as often the majestic, or even the lyric, beauty of the verse is such that the vision for the moment becomes of secondary importance. This alternating sway of conception and execution marks the finest poetry the world knows. For the moment the singer is lost in the charm of his own exquisite melody, but soon the inspiration seizes and overwhelms, and, like a prophet or seer, he pierces the ear and moves the soul ; as the chant dies away, the music of his song absorbs and fills the

DELIGHT IN THE SYMBOL :

heart with delight,—and so on in ever alternating moods. In no one work can the painter or the sculptor exhibit these varying moods. Confined within the narrow limits of a canvas or block of marble, painter and sculptor must exhibit the harmony that is found in an entire poem by Milton or an entire play by Shakespeare. That struggle for supremacy between hand and heart which goes on in every artist must be settled before brush or chisel is touched. The conception must be brought within the limits of the medium. The painter cannot paint to-day wrapt up in the beauty of line and color, and to-morrow wholly absorbed in the dignity of his subject. Those moods will assail him ; he will find himself working hour after hour, lost to all save the technical side,—taking, perhaps, great liberties with his subject, possibly departing entirely from it in eager search after new effects ; or, again, he may be so absorbed in the things he sees in his subject, so lost in his own dreams and fancies, that his hand falters and struggles helplessly over the canvas. These alternating moods the poet can indulge with comparative impunity, singing each day according to his mood ; but the painter must soon or late gather himself together, stay his vagrant hand, check his truant fancy, curb the one to the other, that his work may exhibit both at their best.

Art is apt to be weak where the story is complicated. It is not given to every man to paint

EXPRESSION

battle scenes with equanimity. Verse halts in describing murder. Surprise, amazement, horror, are emotions foreign to the contemplation of pure art, great art. The story-telling poem or picture is the adult's fairy-tale. Art retreats before history; it is modest in the presence of fiction; a mistress both jealous and shy, she turns away if the story interests you, shudders at rapine and murder, turns a deaf ear to the cry of distress. But kneel at her feet, worship her alone, paint that which delights you—you—you, as distinguished from all other human beings, in manner which also delights you, and art will smile upon you, caress you, accept you as one of her lovers, will lift you up and place you upon the throne beside her.

Listen not to the voice of the multitude, beware the loud praise of the masses. If a throng stands before your picture there is something wrong with it. The merit of a picture is inversely to the number of those who like it on first impression. The best there is in the world appeals only to the best there is in us, and the best there is in us lies deep; it takes time for the best outside to find the best inside. We yield to our fancies and slight our affections; we fall victims to our impressions, and survive only in our sober, serious judgments. The better the picture the more apt we are to miss it; but by and by comes one with clearer vision, sees it, and points it out;

DELIGHT IN THE SYMBOL:

we look again and again until we see for ourselves the unobtrusive beauty, the truth, the harmony we had missed, and wonder at our blindness; but some there are who never see, who go on all their lives long liking and loudly proclaiming the bad to be good, the indifferent to be fine, and these false prophets have vast multitudes as their followers.

I recall standing one evening in a deserted section of the Fine Arts building at the Columbian Exposition. I heard the shuffling of many feet in an adjoining section, and the loud tones of a strident voice explaining the merits of the pictures; the shuffling feet drew nearer, the strident voice came louder, until the throng in the wake of a popular preacher poured in. With unerring precision the expositor of art singled out the worst pictures on the walls and ranged his followers before them. I remember the time and strenuous eloquence devoted to a very poor picture of a girl working at a loom,—for all that was said it might as well have been a chromo. The burden of the discourse was the dignity of toil, with some intimations concerning the rights of labor. What little art there might have been in the picture was entirely ignored.

The story-telling picture has its place. If historical, it is a document; if dramatic, it may point a moral; if pathetic, it will arouse noble sentiment; if interesting, it may serve as stepping-

EXPRESSION

stone to purer art ; but neither the historical, nor the dramatic, nor the pathetic interest is the interest that should be aroused by the finest art, nor should any of those interests be uppermost in your minds when you are endeavoring to produce fine art. Above all, beware of catering to the multitude, of doing things to win praise. Notoriety is cheap, renown is more enduring, fame—true, lasting, glorious fame—comes only with the things which abidingly satisfy. Fame is like a spark glimmering faintly in your lifetime ; so faintly that in moments of depression you fancy it is but a Will-o'-the-wisp leading you to destruction ; but with each achievement it glows brighter and brighter until at length, when your life's work is ended and brush and chisel are forever laid aside, it shines like the sun at mid-day,—a glorious light to be quenched only with the memory of man.

The good is never lost, the bad is soon submerged. The small canvas in the corner, though seen by only two or three, will assert itself and make itself known to the utter confusion of the huge monstrosity that holds the wondering gaze of the multitude. You may be so poor you need bread, you may be so disheartened you need encouragement, you may despair because the good thing you have done is placed high up and seems unnoticed, and, if you are weak, you will yield to the siren voices that are always tempting you to betray art ; but if you are strong and know in

DELIGHT IN THE SYMBOL:

your heart that you have done a good thing, a worthy thing, you will suffer hunger, and disappointment more bitter than gall, but you will be true to yourself and your finest convictions, you will follow the narrow and difficult path that leads to noble attainment without swerving, without hesitation. You have but one soul in all the universe to please, and that soul is your own.

Consider the infinite pains, the joy, the delight bestowed upon a bit of old Japanese pottery no bigger than the hollow of your hand. It was not made to please the many, nor even to please the few; the sympathetic approval of some noble patron may have cheered the worker on, but we know he worked to please himself. For who can dictate to the true artist? Is he not a creator? Does he not produce that which has not been known before? The path he travels is new, there is no guide and he needs none. Genius conquers all there is and a bit of what is to be. The characteristic of genius is this extension of the domain of perception.

We have spoken of artists in whom the subject dominated the execution; let us consider one in whom the execution is practically everything, the subject comparatively nothing, and if I choose a living artist it is because he is the conspicuous exponent of a school—I refer to Claude Monet. You have all seen more or less of his work—for he is prolific; and you are all more or less fa-

EXPRESSION

miliar with his theories—for he is a painter by theory rather than conviction. That he believes he is right, entirely and absolutely right, no one can doubt ; but his conviction is of a scientific character rather than religious, formal rather than emotional, theoretical rather than intentional, reasoned rather than felt. His name is synonymous with a certain technique. He paints everything, and everything he paints is an illustration of his theories. The effect of light, the play of color, the depth of shade, shifting shadows and dancing beams of sunlight,—all are to him of supreme interest. The shadow interests him more than the man, the light more than the sun, an effect more than a cause. He is content with the surface of things ; the beat of the heart beneath is of the least consequence. His palette, brush, and the dexterity of his hand are the factors of his work ; to imitate an effect, to produce on canvas an impression, the extent of his ambition. “ He stood one evening two paces in front of his little house, in the garden, amid a flaming sea of flowers, scarlet-like poppies. White summer clouds shifted in the sky, and the beams of the setting sun fell upon two stacks standing solitary in a solitary field. Claude Monet began to paint, and came again next day, and the day after that, and every day throughout the autumn and winter and spring. In a series of fifteen pictures, *The Hayricks*, he painted—as Hokusai did in his hundred

DELIGHT IN THE SYMBOL:

views of the Fuji Mountain—the endless variations produced by season, day, and hour upon the eternal countenance of nature. The lonely field is like a glass, catching the effects of atmosphere, the breeze, and the most fleeting light. The stacks gleam softly in the brightness of beautiful afternoons, stand out sharp and clear against the cold sky of the forenoon, loom like phantoms in the midst of a November evening, or sparkle like glittering jewels beneath the caress of the rising sun ;' and yet they are but documents, studies of light and shade and color. The man who can paint a haystack fifteen times is a man whose mind is intent upon his method, one to whom his subject is of minor importance. He may be a great painter, but he cannot be a great, a very great artist. The great artist not only paints well, but thinks well ; not only paints what he sees, but sees things worth painting. I do not mean that the great artist or the great poet sees only mountains and torrents, crags and precipices, stars and distant universes,—not at all ; but in flower and field, murmuring stream and drowsy pool, in waving corn and high-stacked hay, the artist, the poet—for they are one—sees more than the play of light, more than harmony of color, more than the glimmer of sunshine and the shadow of night,—he sees himself ; and flower, field, and stream, and every bit of nature to him reflect the human soul. What they are in reality

EXPRESSION

he knows not ; science denies them sound, color, fragrance, save as perceived by man ; philosophy denies them existence, save as reflected in man ; man is all in all.

Save as a study, a preparation, it is not worth while to paint a flower or a ray of light, or anything else exactly as you are taught scientifically it must be ; leave that sort of work to the botanist, to the scientist, to the delving denizen of the laboratory, to the master of the crucible, to the argus of the microscope. In your painting, your poetry, your music, your sculpture, you express your sympathy with what you see. Art is harmony ; it is not technique, it is not analysis, it is neither photography nor mechanical drawing, topography nor physical geography ; it is a love rather than a study, song rather than speech ; it is man adjusting himself to his environment ; it is the realization of the reflection of the best within us in the best without. Art is man, not nature ; living, not dead. There is no art without us ; art and nature are opposing terms ; there is no art in nature—there is no nature in art. To art nature is a foil, all things but instruments of expression,—keys, strings, sounding-boards whereby the harmony is made manifest.

Monet has shown you some of the possibilities of technique, he has shown you how light can be painted,—if you care to paint it ; but that is the question, do you care to paint light,—bright,

DELIGHT IN THE SYMBOL:

brilliant, scintillating light,—and shadows,—rich, deep, shifting shadows,—to the exclusion of almost everything else? Do you wish to concentrate your whole mind upon your method, to dispute forever on the setting of your palette, the size of your brushes, the thickness of your colors, to return like the hands of a clock to a fixed spot at a fixed hour each day, lest the slant of the sun's rays alter by a hair's breadth the length of a shadow, or deepen by a half-tone a reflected color? No, I am sure you have higher, broader ambitions than these, that you are ambitious to become something more than a clever artisan, something more than a clever master of your tools and your medium.

In speaking of Monet I would not be misunderstood. He has painted many, many beautiful things; so strong is his individuality that he has painted nothing that is not worthy your consideration. His pictures appeal to us because they are light, because they are in such bright contrast to the darker and more sombre pictures of most of his predecessors. They harmonize with the lighter tones of modern decoration, and they are, in themselves, decorative; but after all and at the best they are the work of a man whose mind is on his manner and method to the entire subordination of his matter. His service to art is great, but his influence upon artists has been somewhat too pronounced to be in the highest degree good.

EXPRESSION

For the time being Monet and his immediate forerunners have disturbed the equilibrium of French art, and it will be many a long day before an art so susceptible absorbs and assimilates all that is good in his school and regains its equipoise.

Before Monet there was a greater than Monet—greater even in the indication of light, but of light idealized, light as it shines in dreams and fancies, light as it glows in the imagination.

Who can visit the National Gallery in London without being impressed with the daring innovations of Turner? The effect of the collection as a whole is almost dazzling; it is lacking in that pure beauty the loftiness of which is marked by the most perfect serenity; it is tumultuous and tempestuous; it is a swirl of color, and—it is more, it is poetic.

He did not paint light as Monet paints it, he did not paint it as the sun paints it, he painted it as he saw it in his strange dreams and fancies. The light of Turner, like the sea of Coleridge, is the product of an imagination on fire.

But Turner painted more than light, his pictures are more than waves of color, his delight in his fancy, in his conception, in his subject, was equal to his delight in his method. He was not always experimenting; he endeavored to do great things in a grand manner; that he fell far short—short of his own ideals—is evident, but he tried

DELIGHT IN THE SYMBOL:

hard. A man who could live as he lived, painting for posterity, selling his poorer things, hoarding the better, leaving at his death three hundred and sixty-two oil-paintings and nineteen thousand drawings to the nation and a fortune of one hundred thousand dollars to the Royal Academy,—such a man had something in him besides technique. The “Death of Nelson” is a vision, the “Fighting Téméraire” is a dream, the “Burning Slave Ship” a nightmare, but in their way they fill us with awe.

In Turner we have an illustration of the truth that delight in subject and delight in execution, even though the delight in both be equal and unbounded, are not sufficient to make a great painter or to produce the finest of work; something more is essential, and that is the quality of serenity, and Turner was not serene, and his work lacks the perfect poise and composure that only serenity can give. Serenity is the conspicuous attribute of perfect beauty. The “Fates” of the Parthenon are majestic in their repose, beautiful in their calm serenity, and yet each flowing line, each rounded curve is a token of delight. The “Winged Victory” of Samothrake is exultant in its joyousness, and yet loud as is the song of triumph we feel as we gaze that the unknown sculptor was serene in his perfect mastery of himself and his art; neither fancy nor chisel compelled him.

EXPRESSION

Literature furnishes many illustrations of this varying delight in thought and its manifestation. In Browning the thought overshadows the verse ; in Swinburne the music overwhelms the thought ; in Tennyson the proportions are more finely observed. For instance, in "The Ring and the Book," Pompilia says,—

“ For me,

'Tis otherwise : let men take, sift my thoughts—
Thoughts I throw like the flax for the sun to bleach.
I did pray, do pray, in the prayer shall die,
'Oh ! to have Caponsachi for my guide !'
Ever the face upturned to mine, the hand
Holding my hand across the world, a sense
That reads, as only such can read, the mark
God sets on woman, signifying so
She should—shall peradventure—be divine ;
Yet 'ware, the while, how weakness mars the print
And makes confusion, leaves the thing men see,—
Not this man sees,—who from his soul, rewrites
The obliterated charter,—love and strength
Mending what's marred.”

So much of thought condensed in those scant fifteen lines would serve a lesser poet for a volume. Or, again, in "A Woman's Last Word," the subject beats against the narrow bars of the short metre and swift recurring rhymes which restrain it. You may remember this plea of a world-wearied woman to a lover whose persistent curiosity as to her past threatens to destroy their happiness :

DELIGHT IN THE SYMBOL :

" Let's contend no more, Love,
Strive nor weep :
All be as before, Love,
Only sleep :

" What so wild as words are?
I and thou
In debate, as birds are,
Hawk on bough.

" Be a god and hold me
With a charm !
Be a man and fold me
With thy arm !

" Teach me, only teach, Love !
As I ought
I will speak thy speech, Love,
Think thy thought—

" Meet, if thou require it,
Both demands,
Laying flesh and spirit
In thy hands.

" That shall be to-morrow,
Not to-night :
I must bury sorrow
Out of sight :

" Must a little weep, Love,
(Foolish me !)
And so fall asleep, Love,
Loved by thee."

Each word bears more than its burden of significance ; —it is as if a fragment of the tragedy

EXPRESSION

of life had been condensed and condensed and condensed until every trivial thought was eliminated, every superfluous word discarded, and the palpitating, throbbing heart laid bare.

I have selected a bit of "The Ring and the Book," for there you have Browning writing at ease, jotting down the thoughts as they poured in upon him—each parenthesis containing food for consideration; and I chose "A Woman's Last Word," because the metre is exceedingly difficult for so sharp an analysis of human emotion,—an analysis in which the minor strain is preserved throughout in spite of the quick recurring rhymes. This little poem—with many others—shows Browning's mastery of his medium, but even in this, as in all others, his thought overflows. He lacked only that perfect poise, that perfect mastery of self and hand, that ability to mould, to curb without effort, his thought to his verse and his verse to his thought, to stand as a poet next to Shakespeare; as it is, his inspiration almost secures him that supreme position.

To compare lines not too dissimilar, take these from Swinburne, where the Queen Iseult, alone with her God, exults in her love for Tristram.

"Yea, though deep lips and tender hair be thinned,
Though cheek wither, brow fade, and bosom wane,
Shall I change also from this heart again
To maidenhood of heart and holiness?
Shall I more love Thee, Lord, or love him less—

DELIGHT IN THE SYMBOL:

Ah, miserable ! though spirit and heart be rent,
Shall I repent, Lord God ? shall I repent ?
Nay, though Thou slay me ! for herein I am blest,
That as I loved him yet I love him best—
More than mine own soul or Thy love or Thee,
Though Thy love save and my love save not me."

So far as the condensation and expression of thought are concerned, we have here Swinburne at his best,—in fact, he rarely says so much in so few lines,—but he says it all, he leaves nothing unsaid ; there are none of those brilliant lapses of silence, those leaps from crags of thought to peaks of fancy, whereby Browning masters you and compels you to be for the moment a poet yourself, if you would get even a remote inkling of what he is saying.

But Swinburne is known best by the ring and the roll of such verse as this :

"I am that which began ;
Out of me the years roll ;
Out of me God and man ;
I am equal and whole ;
God changes, and man, and the form
Of them bodily ; I am the soul.

"Before ever land was ;
Before ever the sea ;
Or soft hair of the grass ;
Or fair limbs of the tree ;
Or the flesh colored fruit of my branches,
I was and thy soul was in me."

EXPRESSION

And so on for thirty-eight stanzas more,—a sway of rhythm and flow of rhyme unsurpassed, but of point, pith, and meaning quite deficient. Like a riddle, each reader will make of it what he pleases. The poet's own conception was of that vague and nebulous character which permits endless versification. There is no reason whatsoever why the poem should have been prolonged to thirty-eight stanzas, or why it should not have gone on indefinitely ; its beginning is without reason, its end is without necessity. Its generalizations attract by their seeming mysticism and by a promise of rich content, only to surfeit by their triteness and vague emptiness ; but the sound is there, and its music rings on the ear long after the attention is wearied.

Consider these opening lines of "By the North Sea," and remember that Swinburne is at his best when he sings of the sea :

"A land that is lonelier than ruin ;
A sea that is stranger than death ;
Far fields that a rose never blew in,
Wan waste where the winds lack breath ;
Waste endless and boundless and flowerless
But of marsh-blossoms fruitless as free ;
Where earth lies exhausted and powerless
To strive with the sea."

Or the following from "In the Salt Marshes :"

DELIGHT IN THE SYMBOL:

"What is fire, that its flame should consume her?
More fierce than all fires are her waves :
What is earth, that its gulfs should entomb her ?
More deep are her own than their graves.
Life shrinks from his pinions that cover
The darkness by thunders bedinned ;
But she knows him, her lord and her lover,
The godhead of wind."

Sound, sound, sound,—at best a play upon words, mere music of speech. As you listen, you are intoxicated, and few there are who arouse their lulled senses to ask, What does it all mean? Swinburne has almost sung us to sleep. No man has written things so beautiful that say so little. An acknowledged master of the technique of verse, he is far from being a great poet. As the years go on he will be read more and more for his manner and less and less for his matter. You will read him to learn the music, the witchery that lie in the plain every-day words of our language, and so read he will move and amaze you, but beware of trying to follow where he leads. The very fact that he is hampered by no clear-cut visions, demanding utterance, by no overwhelming inspirations demanding expression, makes it easy for him to simply sing and sing on, piling phrase on phrase, simile on simile, metaphor on metaphor, exhausting all the arts of rhetoric, until we have a master of sounds so delightful that the request for something more

EXPRESSION

than sound dies on our lips. It is easy for him who has nothing to say, to say it at great length and in manner polished. In truth, the style of the average poet is usually inversely to the importance of the matter. The tongue of the average man halts and stumbles as he tries to express his inmost thoughts and convictions—it is so difficult to tell clearly what we really feel and think ; the deeper we go down in our hearts the harder it is, until in the presence of life's profoundest convictions most men are silent.

Art is the expression of truth in form, and whoever can express the profoundest truth in the most perfect form is a great artist. You may measure one artist with another according to the truth expressed and the form of the expression ; but beauty of expression, however rare, will not make up for lack of truth. A trivial thing well said may please for the moment, may even fascinate, but it cannot last as lasts a strong thing inadequately though it be said.

Our own bard,—singer of elemental things,—Whitman, permitted his thought to run riot over his form of expression, scorned tradition, defied the limitations of his art ; ignoring all rules, principles, formulas, he sang as the spirit moved him. But the proof of the poet is in the lines that ring with music in spite of him,—those organ notes which, sounding here and there, in nearly all his poems rout indifference and command at-

DELIGHT IN THE SYMBOL:

tention. The very first of the following lines is a trumpet-call that will not pass unheeded :

"Proud music of the storm,
Blast that careers so free, whistling across the prairies,
Strong hum of forest tree-tops—wind of the mountains,
Personified dim shapes—you hidden orchestras,
You serenades of phantoms with instruments alert,
Blending with nature's rhythms all the tongues of nations;
You chords left as by vast composers, you choruses,
You formless, free, religious dances—you from the Orient,
You undertone of rivers, roar of pouring cataracts,
You sounds from distant guns with galloping cavalry,
Echoes of camps with all the different bugle-calls,
Trooping tumultuous, filling the midnight late, bending
me powerless,
Entering my lonesome slumber-chamber, why have you
seized me?"

Scan that, read it, sing it, intone it—as you please—the music is there, from the first line to the last it is poetry of a very high order ; but it is not poetry of the very highest order. After it these lines of Swinburne are insipid :

"A land that is lonelier than ruin ;
A sea that is stranger than death ;
Far fields that a rose never blew in,
Wan waste where the winds lack breath."

That is poetic, it is musical, it is good and delights us ; but it is like the piping of a penny whistle compared with the first ten words of Whitman :

"Proud music of the storm,
Blast that careers so free."

EXPRESSION

The stress of the storm is in our ears, its tumult is upon us, we are uplifted from the earth and swept along in its strong embrace.

It would be easy to select line after line—and many lines together—from his poems, as divinely musical, as superbly descriptive and illustrative as the foregoing. In fact the first line of nearly every poem, and the first line of many stanzas, and often the first few lines are musical and give promise of poetic beauties of diction, which promise, alas, is so often unfulfilled. Open any page of his collected poems.

"With all thy gifts, America," is perfect and holds out high hopes. The opening line of "Italian Music in Dakota," with its soft anapests, could not be more finely expressed, "Through the soft evening air, enwinding all." Again the soft anapests express the mood, "What am I after all but a child, pleased with the sound of my own name? repeating it over and over."

Seldom is the music carried without break into the next line; the transition is often as rough as it is abrupt, as for instance:

"Where the city's ceaseless crowd moves on the livelong
day,

Withdrawn I join a group of children watching, I pause
aside with them."

To that first line there is a lyric swing that captivates; whereas the second is a transition so

DELIGHT IN THE SYMBOL:

abrupt the charm is well-nigh dispelled, and yet the iambics are well adapted to the narrative. Let me read you all this little poem, "Sparkles from the Wheel," just to show you how tersely, with what reserve and condensation Whitman can put before you a bit of every day life :

"Where the city's ceaseless crowd moves on the livelong day,
Withdrawn I join a group of children watching, I pause aside with them.
By the curb toward the edge of the flagging,
A knife-grinder works at his wheel, sharpening a great knife,
Bending over, he carefully holds it to the stone, by foot and knee,
With measured tread he turns rapidly, as he presses with light, but firm hand,
Forth issue then in copious golden jets,
Sparkles from the wheel.
The scene and all its belongings, how they seize and affect me,
The sad, sharp-chinned old man with worn clothes and broad-shouldered band of leather,
Myself effusing and fluid, a phantom curiously floating, now here absorbed and arrested,
The group (an unminded point set in a vast surrounding),
The attentive, quiet children, the loud, proud, restive base of the streets,
The low, hoarse purr of the whirling stone, the light pressed blade,
Diffusing, dropping, sideways-darting in tiny showers of gold,
Sparkles from the wheel."

EXPRESSION

You may search all Browning—and Browning is a great, a very great poet—you will not find a bit of life and a wealth of suggestion finer than that. Like a sad refrain the showers of gold, the “sparkles from the wheel” frame the picture and bound the vision. Omar Khayyam would have read those lines with the delight and noble envy of a great soul.

Why, then, is not Whitman one of the very greatest of poets, as he surely is one of the greatest of bards? Because he was lawless, because he was no respecter of the limitations of his art, because he would not submit to be clothed, but like a savage he preferred to run naked. I have no reference whatsoever to aught that is gross, coarse, or objectionable in his verse. Alas! Whitman was never so conscious, never so sophisticated, never so forced, stilted, and unnatural as in those very lines wherein he deemed himself most natural, free, and unconstrained. He never wrote an objectionable line without first clearing his throat and shouting, in brazen tones, “Now listen to me, I am going to say something to shock you, and because it will shock you I say it”—the pity of it all. By his savage nakedness I mean he would not submit to clothe his ideas in form,—perhaps he could not. It is within the experience of every lover of poetry, and of every one who tries to write poetry, that first lines of rare rhythmical beauty will come unbidden to the receptive mind,

DELIGHT IN THE SYMBOL:

and for the moment it seems as if others would follow, but they do not; the first line stands alone; the succeeding thoughts somehow will not fit the metre or find words to make the rhyme,—and in your search for language the inspiration disappears. I have an idea that Whitman suffered in somewhat that way. Certainly the many, many beautiful and metrically perfect opening lines prove the correctness of his ear and his appreciation of poetic form; but his mind was too tumultuous to be subdued, and he made the common mistake of assuming that every idea was worth uttering just as it came to him,—that he must hasten to jot it down in some form lest it be lost. Many a young man and many an old man makes that mistake,—the mistake of overvaluing his ideas, his fancies, his inspirations. Be not afraid; though you never speak, the world will go on and the generations be scarcely the losers. Furthermore why should you expect others to digest ideas you wait not to digest yourself? What right have you to overwhelm me with your stray thoughts? What right have you to pour them out torrent-like upon inoffending persons? Form acts as a restraint, convention as a curb, rules, laws, principles, as so many warnings against garrulity. The world has not lived all these thousands of years to define poetry, or painting, or sculpture in vain. The things the great masters think right are apt to be right. It is these things

EXPRESSION

Whitman defied. He himself said of himself and his work, "An American bard at last! one of the roughs, large, proud, affectionate, eating, drinking, and breeding, his costume manly and free, his face sunburnt and bearded, his postures strong and erect, his voice bringing hope and prophecy to the generous races of young and old. We shall cease shamming and be what we really are. We shall start an athletic and defiant literature. . . . Self-reliant, with haughty eyes, assuming to himself all the attributes of his country, slips Walt Whitman into literature, talking like a man unaware that there was ever hitherto such a production as a book, or such a being as a writer. Every move of him has the free play of the muscle of one who never knew what it was to feel that he stood in the presence of a superior. Every word that falls from his mouth shows silent disdain and defiance of the old theories and forms."

Apply this declaration of independence to the art of the painter, or of the sculptor, or of the architect, and consider the havoc it would work. Form is a fine fruit of evolution. Perfection is of slow growth. Language itself is a matter of development. From the hoarse cries of the first of his kind, man has ever since been striving to express himself; now and then, here and there, with some measure of success, but never wholly and completely. The revolt of Whitman is nothing new; it is perfectly natural; it is the revolt of the

DELIGHT IN THE SYMBOL:

child, of the savage, of the natural man, against convention ; it is the effort—made so often in some degree by every individual—to dispense with experience, to learn it all and do it all for himself regardless of the precepts and practices of others, regardless of the failures and successes of others. It will never do ; the attempt must end in failure more or less pronounced. Form is more than a convention, more than a precept, more than a practice ; it is the mould in which ideas are most perfectly cast ; it is not only a source of delight to the reader or the beholder, but it is an invaluable discipline to the thinker, to the poet, to the painter, to the sculptor ; it compels him to see, think, and express himself clearly.

To most minds form is irksome. Few are the poets in whose work the struggle with the form is not felt. Whitman might have been stricken dumb had he been compelled to follow up his many exquisite first lines with lines in the same exquisite metre, to say nothing of the additional fetter of rhyme ; but, and herein lies the essence of the matter, would not the world have been a gainer if Whitman had said less, and said that less better? The restraint of form is wholesome. Ideas that seem to come to us with the force of thunderbolts,—great, broad, glittering generalities, that seem like universal truths the world will hardly wait to hear,—these ideas shrink to their proper proportions when reduced to form. There

EXPRESSION

is nothing lost in the process save, possibly, some of our vanity. It is a good deal easier to wander on indefinitely with neither beginning nor end, jotting down every fragment, suggestion, or inkling of thought as it comes, filling great, broad, white pages, or smearing over great, broad, clean canvases, than it is to think it out, wrestle it out, fight it out within us until we know what we think and feel, and can express ourselves clearly and tersely on paper or canvas, in stone or marble. It may seem at times as though many brilliant things were being sacrificed in the process, that ideas precious as jewels were being scattered by the wayside, that more were being rejected than used—not so, the best is bound to survive, the truth you are endeavoring to express will shine all the more brightly, all the more conspicuously, as the débris is cleared away. Of all the things a man may have in his mind at any one time,—and the mind is ever teeming,—there is always and invariably some one thing that is best worth expressing ; form will assist you to find that central thought and to make it known. The method of Whitman was to turn his mind upside down like a bag, pouring out everything in confused heaps, leaving his readers to sift those heaps for whatever of value they contained, to do the work he should have done ; work which, if he had done it, would have condensed his message into a fraction of its present volume, and made it so clear that millions

DELIGHT IN THE SYMBOL:

who now miss it would have listened and profited therefrom.

To a certain extent the same may be said of Browning. He was overfond of jotting down everything that entered his mind, of noting all the side-lights and fancies; parentheses could not contain him, phrases failed him, the arts of rhetoric were exhausted in the expression of the great abundance of his ideas. Hence his love for monologue with its complete freedom from all restrictions and limitations. "The Ring and the Book" might have gone on forever, it did go on too long, so long that we often wonder if the poet did not have in mind the possibility of writing the longest poem in the language. But Browning was a master of form—when he cared to be. He had, when he chose to exercise it, the power to think and to write at the same time; to delight in his inspiration and delight in its manifestation. Whitman simply permitted thought and hand to run riot, jotting down forcibly, eloquently, often musically, everything that came into his mind—thoughts good, bad, and indifferent, and he never knew the difference, or, if he did, with a dogged perverseness, liking the positively bad better than the superbly good.

Do not think for a moment that in speaking of Browning or Swinburne or Whitman or any poet or painter I am attempting to give you an estimate of his work as a whole—far from it. We

EXPRESSION

but use them all to illustrate our argument ; they are selected for certain prominent characteristics to drive home a point. If you read Milton you will appreciate the value of discipline, you will understand how a great mind nobly submissive to form can produce a great poem, a great work of art. If you read Browning, you will understand how a mind teeming, overflowing with thoughts on almost every phase of life just falls short of being on a level with the very greatest, for lack of the simplicity, the severity, and the serenity which come only with submission to and mastery of form. If you read Whitman, and read him in connection with either of the others, or in connection with any great singer, you will know what riot and license mean in art, and you will regret again and again that a man who really could think so well, and really could write so well, did not think well and write well always ; that the noble thoughts were not invariably followed by noble thoughts and the beautiful lines by beautiful lines, and all else eliminated.

I do not mean that you are to be a slave to form, that your technique must ever control you, hinder and hamper you—not at all. But before you can conquer you must submit ; before you rule, you must obey. Both mind and hand are stubborn instruments of the soul ; they yield slowly, reluctantly, and often never completely. You know students and artists who cannot control

DELIGHT IN THE SYMBOL:

their thoughts, who cannot grasp their inspirations, who are ever on the eve of doing things, but never accomplish anything worthy the promise ; and you know many whose hands are refractory, who cannot do the things they wish as they wish, who try and try and try in vain to secure effects vivid in mind, but just beyond realization. In truth, all artists pass through just such experiences, just such disappointments, and it is the chosen few who come through triumphant with every faculty so subdued that every inspiration may be adequately expressed.

Your execution need not be perfect, but it must not be forced, and it must be peculiarly and characteristically your own. You cannot think of your fingers, your brush, or your chisel, and do great work. Your hand will betray you ; if you are intent upon the mechanical side, then that side will force itself upon all who see your work. You cannot think of one thing and expect your audience to think of another—there is no such psychologic legerdemain. Your mood will find its response in those about you ; if you are light and buoyant, so will they be ; if you are depressed and heart-sick, so will they be ; if you do things with the ease of a master, they will know it ; if you are a plodder, you cannot deceive them. No varnish can hide the labored stroke ; no glass or gilded frame relieve the dreary sense of effort.

EXPRESSION

I cannot repeat too often, the symbol is but a means to an end—many an artist mistakes the symbol for the end itself. The ambition of most painters is to paint well—just that, and nothing more. Imagine the poet whose sole ambition was to rhyme well, to string together in rhythmical phrases a series of soft and musical sounds.

Even those poets in whom the sense of form predominates, who are intoxicated by their own facility in producing musical effects, would not concede for a moment that their chief ambition is to rhyme well, to write perfectly. Form is not the end of art ; it is, at most, but one of the two constituent elements of art. As we have said so often, it is but the manifestation of the inspiration ; the garment that clothes the idea. Like princes of the blood, you must learn to wear your royal raiment easily, and never come to believe that the putting of it on is your mission in life. Of course you should paint well, just as well as you can ; but unless your heart is in what you are painting, unless you feel impelled to paint the thing you are painting, stay your hand and await a finer inspiration.

It has been said of Shakespeare, "From the style of his youthful productions, which are often more remarkable for their richness and beauty than for their spiritual significance, he rises to the crowning point of his power, where form and matter are most perfectly balanced. The spiritual

DELIGHT IN THE SYMBOL:

fully comprehended in our scientific scheme ; all ancient gods and goddesses have been cast into the dust heap, and stern assault is made on all the finer, purer faiths that linger in our all too systematic hearts. Compared with the beautiful world of the child, with the mysterious universe of the poet, how wretched, poor, and small is the material globe of the material soul.

Life is content,—art is content plus form. Life is sober,—art is delightful. Life is as the gods gave it, but to life man may add art and brighten the sombreness of reality with a thousand iridescent hues. Life without art would be dreary, for art is the sheen and the shimmer and the glamour that man casts about the stern and sober realities of existence.

V

DELIGHT IN LABOR: THE END

STEP by step we have considered delight as the very soul of art, delight in the thought, and delight in the symbol. It remains to test the conclusions reached by applying them to practical ends and purposes.

The current notions of art are such, and the current notions of labor are such that it may seem to most of you as though any attempt to discuss the two together could result only in a waste of words; yet time was when art and labor were so intimately united in the great domain of human effort that the one almost invariably implied more or less of the other; and the time will yet be when there will be no labor without at least some art, even as there is now and ever has been no art without at least some labor.

The very term art has suffered many vicissitudes; it has received almost as many definitions as there are men who have used it; no two persons have ever quite agreed as to the exact content and limitations of the term.

One says, "Art is but the employment of the

DELIGHT IN LABOR:

powers of nature for an end." According to that every human effort which makes use of any natural force or condition is art. If we adopt that definition our argument is concluded ere it is begun, for art and labor are synonymous terms; every laborer is an artist, and every artist a laborer; but we fancy the masses, who toil drearily and unremittingly, "employing the powers of nature to an end," will be loath to accept a definition as the amelioration of their condition; nor will the true artist submit to lose his identity under a notion so comprehensive.

No, art is not simply the employment of the powers of nature for an end; the powers of nature are employed daily for a thousand ends without involving the slightest art.

Art lies not in the employment, but in the manner of the employment of the powers of nature for an end; not in the task, but in the attitude of the worker towards his task.

Labor is the employment of the powers of nature for an end; art is delight in the employment of the powers of nature for an end;—that is the fundamental distinction. To the extent that the element of delight enters into the end in view, and also into the means employed, to just that extent is the element of labor eliminated and the element of art introduced.

Labor has been defined as "any painful exertion of mind or body undergone partly or wholly

THE END

with a view to future good," and that definition most accurately describes existing conditions.

Strange, is it not, that in the maturity of mankind, in the very flower of civilization,—as we are pleased to consider the condition to which we have attained,—labor should be painful, whereas in the infancy of the world, in the childhood of races, labor was not painful, but for the most part joyous? Strange, is it not, that exertion in the open fields tilling the soil, sowing the seed, reaping the harvest,—close contact with the wonders and glories of nature,—should be painful, whereas unrelenting, exhausting, agonizing toil in a cellar or an attic in the production of a painting or a statue is not painful? Is it not altogether likely that there is something radically wrong in our notions and in conditions which permit such distinctions as these?

Labor is a condition of existence; without labor life is impossible. Accepting the definition of labor as painful exertion, the world has come to believe that pain is a condition of existence, and that without pain life is impossible. From such premises but one conclusion can be drawn, namely, that death is the only release from an existence that is hopeless.

But pain is a relative, not an absolute term. Pain, sharp, excruciating pain, attends the birth of a child, and yet the event so far from being painful—in the sense of full of pain, to the exclu-

DELIGHT IN LABOR:

sion of all other sensations and emotions—is, in a very true sense, not painful at all, but, on the contrary, is, in all normal cases, filled with joy; in the very truest sense, joyful.

The exertion of the athlete may be attended by an amount of physical discomfort and distress that is appalling to the ordinary man, and yet the emotion experienced be one of exultation.

The sacrifice of the parent to save the child may result in death, and yet while life lasts be attended with the greatest conceivable happiness.

In short, it is impossible to conceive any exertion for a worthy end wherein the bodily discomfort is not lost, absolutely lost, in the supreme satisfaction and contentment which the end inspires.

The feeling of joy, the emotion of delight, the thrill of exultation are all akin, and all fundamentally different from the sensation of pain. The power of exultation is illustrated in the unshrinking deaths of the martyrs; the subordination of pain is again illustrated in the indifference of the wounded soldier during the heat of battle. What does the starving artist or the dying poet know of pain as he works, and works, and works to give lasting form to his inspiration?

The element of pain asserts itself as the element of joy disappears. Labor may be likened unto a room which may be filled with either light or darkness. As the light, which is joy, appears,

THE END

the darkness, which is pain, disappears ; and, as the light goes out, the shadows deepen until the effect is dreary and painful. It so happens that in nearly every occupation in the civilized world the light has well-nigh faded from the room, until men have come to accept labor as painful, as a curse from which there is no escape. In no two occupations is the light exactly the same ; some are conducted in the very depths of the darkness of discomfort, depression, and despair ; others are conducted amid the glimmerings of hope, others in the soft light of contentment, others in the brilliancy of delight and exultation ; but all are labor, the one just as much as the other, each is an exertion for an end in view. It is the business of art to introduce the light where it is dark, to lessen the gloom where it is dusk, to heighten the glow where it is bright.

The very origin of the word art shows how intimately it was once associated with what we now commonly call labor as distinguished from art. Max Müller thought it originally meant to plough : "As agriculture was the principal labor in that early state of society when we must have suffered most of our Aryan words to have been formed and applied to their definite meanings, we may well understand how a word which originally meant this special kind of labor was afterwards used to signify labor in general, . . . and as ploughing was not only one of the earliest

DELIGHT IN LABOR:

kinds of labor, but also one of the most primitive arts, I have no doubt that the Latin *ars*, *artis*, and our own word art, meant originally the art of all arts, first taught by the goddess of all wisdom, the art of cultivating the land." More commonly the word is referred to a root which meant the fitting of two things together.

A broad definition is, "the combination or modification of things to adapt them to a given end." Ruskin has suggested that "Art is human labor regulated by human design."

In these various origins and definitions art and labor are assumed to be practically identical, and so, in truth, they once were, and so let us hope they will be once again.

In a very true sense all art is labor, but all labor is not art. Art is labor under conditions of delight,—delight in the thought and delight in the symbol; delight in the design and delight in the manner and mode of execution.

When we consider the original meaning of the term, how it once included almost every form of human exertion put forth to an end, we can appreciate how the word has been throttled and robbed of nearly all its significance, by confining it to the five so-called fine arts.

To most people "art" means only painting, and when they talk about art, they mean painting; others, with a little broader knowledge, include sculpture with painting, but that is com-

THE END

monly the limit. The world is filled with art clubs and art classes and art organizations of one kind and another,—all signs of the decline into which art has fallen, for if art were really a vital factor in life, there would be no need of organizations for its study and preservation, and when art becomes once more a part of our daily life, when we learn to accept it as a matter of course, all these organizations will disappear. As it is, these various societies, for the most part, confine their attention to the study of painting, with now and then a side glance at sculpture, but seldom including a consideration of music, poetry, and architecture, and yet the three last named are three of the five fine arts, and each as much an art as painting or sculpture.

This popular notion concerning the limitation of the term art, finds recognition in some of our dictionaries; for instance, one of the best, in defining a "Work of Art," says, "especially . . . a statue or a painting." All this is unfortunate, for it tends to widen the breach that already exists between the affairs of daily life and art; it tends to confirm the idea that already amounts almost to a conviction, that art is something far apart from daily life and daily concerns, that it is of the few, and mostly for the enjoyment of the few; in short, it tends to make people think art is aristocratic, so to speak, while in truth it is above everything democratic,—of the people and

DELIGHT IN LABOR:

for the people. It is your child, though you do not own it ; it lies at your door-step, and you will not take it in.

The tendency to restrict very useful words of generic meanings to specific instances, until when we hear the word we think of its specific application rather than of its real meaning, is harmful in that we become the victims of the words we use, and actually serve them instead of their serving us. We permit our ideas to be governed and controlled by the word, just as in the use of the word "art" we have come to identify it with painting or sculpture, and thereby unconsciously come to feel that all other arts are not "art" in the sense that painting and sculpture are. In time, sculpture will find itself cast out, and a "Work of Art" will mean a painting only.

The distinction between that which is art and that which is not art does not lie in words, or in definitions, or in arbitrary lines of demarcation ; but it lies deep down in the soul itself ; it lies in the attitude of the worker towards his work, in the conditions under which the work is produced, and not in the work itself. The work may be a bit of brass or a poem,—whether either is a work of art depends entirely upon the attitude of the worker towards his task. Many so-called poets turn out brass poetry,—poor, wretched, high-sounding, machine-made stuff ; now and then a worker in brass turns out poetic bits of brass,

THE END

which by their form, design, ornamentation, and very simplicity certify the delight of the workman, and are works of art.

One art fades into another by imperceptible gradations. Song is but the flowering of voice expression ; painting, the flowering of line and color expression ; sculpture, the flowering of form expression, and so on,—each of the fine arts being simply the most perfect mode of expression of its kind. If we were to attempt an arrangement of the various arts in order of precedence, we should say that the finest of all arts is that in which the greatest amount of delight may be manifested in both thought and symbol, and the lowest of all arts is that which affords the least opportunity for the expression of delight in both thought and symbol. Between these two extremes we should find all the arts known to mankind. One of the fine arts—I shall not attempt here to indicate which—would stand at the head as the finest of all arts, and one of the lowliest and most practical of handicrafts would be found at the other extreme. From one extreme to the other the differences are differences in degree and not in kind. The five “Fine Arts” are simply the five finest arts,—that is all, but a man may be an artist without being a musician, or a poet, or a painter, or a sculptor, or an architect.

Consider, for instance, a bowl which the shifting sands of the Arizona desert have uncovered

DELIGHT IN LABOR:

to the finder. It is of a grayish-white earthenware, with a design in blue; the colors, design, shape, and glaze are fine in their crude strength and simplicity. In its way it is as fine as some of the very precious early Japanese pottery. That it was the work of a man—a savage, if you please—who delighted in his thought, in his fancy, and in his own characteristic method of expressing his fancy, no one could doubt for a moment; and that little bowl, fashioned generations ago, by an Indian, by a tribesman of the far southwest, is as essentially and truly a work of art as any poem or painting the world has known, and it is a work of art for the same reasons that a painting is a work of art,—namely, it is the work of a man who delighted in his thought and delighted in his manner of expressing his thought. It is simple art, and crude art, but because it is not as fine art as a Grecian urn it is none the less art.

Compare the bowls made by the Indians of to-day in imitation of the old earthenware; they are much the same in shape, but utterly worthless and uninteresting in color, in glaze, in design, and are cheap and wretched specimens of pottery. Aside from the obvious fact that the bowls of to-day are poor, cheap copies of the bowls of yesterday, there is this additional reason for their inferiority; the beliefs and superstitions which gave the old bowls their queer shapes and still

THE END

queerer designs no longer possess the people with the same force, and their work therefore lacks the sincerity which is ever the characteristic of good work. The thoughts of yesterday are no longer present with the same compelling force, and the Indians of to-day seem wholly unable to express the thoughts of to-day, if they have any worth expressing.

We must not think that the term art implies perfection,—not at all; a work may be rough, misshapen, even ugly, and still be a work of art, if he who produced it found a sincere and pure delight in his thought and in his method of expressing his thought. Any attempt to define art in terms of beauty or æsthetic perfection must fail, simply for the reason that no two men, no two peoples, no two generations, ever have agreed as to what is beautiful and what is æsthetically fine. Tastes differ, change, and develop, so that what one man, or one people, or one generation considers ravishingly beautiful, another man, people, or generation condemns as hopelessly ugly. Beauty is an incident, not an element of art.

Art is the natural expression of man. The delight of the child in his thought and in his own manner of expressing his thought is conspicuous; he tries to sing, to play, to draw, to carve, to model, to build, to do all those things which under more advanced conditions produce art. One has but to pass hastily through any ethno-

DELIGHT IN LABOR:

his best results working in stone and shells ; some American tribes surpass all others in pottery."

All this goes to show the universality of the art-instinct, the love of originating something united with the love of doing it in a characteristic manner.

In far off Kassai land a black savage is not content to use his axe unless it is inlaid with copper or brass. A Kaffir must carve his spoon in the shape of a giraffe before he cares to use it. Our own Navajo Indians make for themselves blankets, and weave therein their beliefs and superstitions in simple designs,—a zigzag for lightning, some triangular shapes for clouds, diamond-shaped figures through the centre suggested by the sacred snake.

And so we might traverse the globe and find illustrations everywhere of the fundamental truth that art is the natural expression of mankind. Did time permit, and were further proof required, we could find it in the very beginnings of writing, in the earliest records of human thought, in the first transmission of human ideas by petroglyphs, pictographs, hieroglyphics, down to signs and alphabets still more conventional.

Everything begins in freedom and ends in convention. The primitive man expresses his fancy as he pleases ; the civilized man as he is compelled. The alphabet of the former consists of all the things and forms he has ever seen ; the

THE END

alphabet of the latter consists, in our tongue, of twenty-six stereotyped letters.

Division of labor is the mother of civilization, and with the advance of civilization all pursuits tend to become specialized, and art yields to this tendency. Whereas, in the beginning, each man was his own artist ; in the end art is confined to the few. To the great mass of the most enlightened peoples art is a lost art ; they know not what it is ; they do not feel it ; they do not crave it ; the art interest is stifled. From being all more or less artists in our childhood, and in our remote ancestral beginnings, we have come to look upon the few, the very few, artists left among us as in some way not altogether deserving our highest respect, and as in every way inferior to practical business men and manufacturers. "No young man of noble birth or liberal sentiments, from seeing the Jupiter at Pisa, would desire to be Pheidias, or from the sight of Juno at Argos, to be Polycletes," said Plutarch.

Much as we owe to division of labor, it has been carried too far in certain directions. Art was once the spouse of labor,—now they are divorced. Art has its own followers, few in number, and of uncertain position ; labor is the lot of the masses. Labor has come to look askance upon art as a thing apart, as in some sort an idler preying upon honest industry. Labor turns from its early playmate, like a boy grown rude with

DELIGHT IN LABOR:

years who shuns the little girl of childhood days and seeks companions of his rougher kind. Oh, you workers, you know not what you have lost. Do your lives seem cheerless? It is lack of art more than anything else. Are your burdens heavy and your souls weary? It is lack of that delight which is both the beginning and end of art. Does the future seem to you as barren of hope as the present is of joy? It is lack of the youthful vitality and joyousness which are the very well-springs of art. Mercilessly and relentlessly you have, put away art, turned it out, shut the doors of your heart upon it, made of it an outcast, and now, forsooth, because it has become the plaything of the rich, you frown upon it as a wanton.

No power on earth can so lighten the burdens of labor as art. Find a man whose tools and workshop bear evidence of art, however crude, and you will see one who finds pleasure in his work. He who inlays his axe with brass or copper takes delight in the use of the implement.

The boy loves to whittle and to carve, to draw and to paint; but the man suppresses all these natural instincts as childish and in some sort unworthy, and takes daily labor with a seriousness that is depressing. We even distrust the workman who whistles or sings at his work and fear lest we fail to get our wage's worth. Happy the day when every man shall sing at his work.

THE END

When that day comes, the demagogue will find his occupation gone, for men who wish to sing and feel like singing will stop at no man's command, and, in truth, it will be no man's interest to interfere,—labor-troubles will yield to labor-joys.

Of the entire absence of art everywhere save here and there in chosen places, and to some extent in our homes, one cannot say too much, for we have become so accustomed to things as they are that we are actually reconciled to our poverty in art, and take it as a matter of course.

One may traverse the streets of almost any American town of less than twenty-five thousand inhabitants and not find visible the slightest trace of art. Inside the homes some isolated evidences would be found, but outside the aspect is dreary in the extreme. In some of the larger cities works of art are now and then found in the shape of attempts at architecture, or some fountain, piece of bronze, or something of the kind ; but in even the largest cities, examples of true art are rare,—art which is the product of a man who delighted in his thought, and in the manner of expressing his thought, as distinguished from pseudo-art, which is one part originality and nine parts mechanical reproduction ; and most of the stone-work, iron-work, wood-work, cloth-work, carpet-work, and so on, that pretends to be and is called artistic, is simply pseudo-art.

DELIGHT IN LABOR:

It is worth our while to get these ideas clearly before us, for just now the Western world is filled with pseudo-art, and we see every day people in whom the art instinct is asserting itself for the first time in their lives mistaking the false art for the true.

True art—the very necessity of speaking of *true* art is humiliating—is the product of a human soul which delighted in its thought and in its manner of expressing its thought. That is art. The work may be a human figure crudely carved from the tooth of a walrus, or it may be the Venus de Milo, each is a work of art, and each is the work of an artist, though one is the work of a savage in Tahiti, while the other is the glorious product of a great age. True art from beginning to end is the product of delight, delight in the first impulse, in the first conception, in the expanding thought, and delight in the expression, the execution from the first stroke of chisel or mark of brush to the consummation. The magnitude of the work is no criterion, the importance is no test, the perfection is no standard; the patient workman who carves a cameo so small that a magnifying glass is required to enable him to follow his tool is producing as true a work of art, if the thought is his own and he delights in it, and his manner of working is his own and he delights in it, as the greatest of sculptors creating his master-piece. The grimy worker in iron who, delight-

THE END

ing in his work, is expressing some fancy of his own in iron and doing it after his own manner, is producing art as true as the noblest example of architecture the world affords. The potter, striving to shape the yielding clay after his fancy, to give it some form which pleases him, and who delights in his own manner of accomplishing his purpose, is an artist. So much for true art. There is little enough of it nowadays. People seem to think that to be an artist one must be a musician, a poet, a painter, a sculptor, or an architect,—that is, must follow one of the five fine arts. All this is so wrong that one is tempted to say that of all the arts, the five fine arts—while undoubtedly the finest—are in daily life the least important. It is infinitely more important that all workers should produce some art than that some workers should produce all art, and happily it is true beyond question that general manifestation of the art impulse gives rise invariably to great artists. Where every workman is more or less of an artist, it is certain that some workmen will be very great artists. It is only in those times and countries where the vast majority of workers perform their work mechanically and drearily, without one ray of delight, that there are few good and great artists.

Pseudo-art is that sort of art which is so plentiful at the present time, and which is gradually taking the place of true art. It is factory art,

DELIGHT IN LABOR:

machine-made art, art which deceives the people and deludes them into the comfortable belief that they have art about them in their homes, whereas the truth is it is not art at all.

People talk about and buy art wall-papers, art tapestries, art coverings, art carpets, art furniture. Now, what is meant by art wall-paper, for instance? How does it so differ from other wall-paper that one is said to possess an element of art and the other not? At first the distinction was sought in the fact that some man of real ability, like the late William Morris, outlined the design, and the factories copied it; but soon the factories produced their own designs, stealing the ideas and schemes from old tapestries, old pictures, old decorations, wherever they could, and so the country was, and still is, flooded with all sorts and kinds of papers, hangings, coverings, carpets, draperies, called art work, simply because the manufacturers are supposed to follow more or less faithfully some original of real merit. But it requires no argument to show that a mere variation in design printed upon a piece of paper, or woven into a piece of cloth, does not constitute the difference between that which is art and that which is not art. Whether a given product is or is not art is not determined at all by the effect produced, but is determined entirely by the conditions under which it was wrought. If it is the work of a man under conditions of delight, then it is a work of art, even

THE END

though it be very poor ; but if it is the work of some automatic machine, which turns out a product mechanically and monotonously, day after day, then it is not a work of art, even though it be so well made as to challenge our admiration. An old woman knitting may turn out art work if her heart enters into her work, and she delight in her design and her own manner of working ; or, she may, as most do, turn out machine work if her mind is not on her work, and she simply knits to accomplish as much as possible in the shortest time, save, it should always be said, that hand-work is almost invariably better than machine work, for even though the heart be not in the work, mind and hands will unconsciously co-operate and produce better results than any machine produces ; even though the old woman knitting be simply endeavoring to knit as much and as fast as possible, duplicating and reduplicating the same thing, gossiping all the while, she will, without thought, meet all exigencies as they arise, and a thousand more or less minute variations will appear in the finished work, so that the duplicates and reduplicates will not be like the original, but will vary according to her personality and skill. With certain machines this personal element is permitted to assert itself to some extent, and the operator can impress upon the product his own ideas and his own peculiarities, and the product will exhibit evidences of dexterity or want of

DELIGHT IN LABOR:

dexterity. Now, with such machines, and in such cases, the product may be art to exactly the extent the operator is able to leave the impress of delight in his own ideas on what he is doing. But as shops and factories get larger and larger, the work becomes more and more systematized, more and more specialized, until at last not five men in the hundred ever see the finished product, but each sees only the particular part of it that is done in his particular department. Under such conditions delight is impossible, and art is out of the question.

We have outlived the chromo age ; we have come to feel, though we may not understand why, that chromos and cheap-colored lithographs, however well done, however meritorious in their way, are not art. By and by we shall come to feel that wall-paper, carpets, draperies, and so on, however good of their kind, do not belong to art, unless in some manner some individual has impressed upon the identical piece before us his own individuality, so that the piece we have differs from all other pieces according to variations in disposition, temperament, mood, and skill of the worker.

It is this impress of a personality, these sometimes almost imperceptible evidences of character, which stamp Oriental rugs as true art works. They were made by hands and hearts and minds ; sometimes the heart does not play the part it should, and modern rugs, though woven with rare dexterity

THE END

and in fine design, are less of art and more akin to machine productions. Then, again, one will run across some ragged antique, the design of which is crude and the weaving rough, yet which bears in every stitch the evidence of the keen delight of its weaver.

I have mentioned lithographs and referred to them as not art, but there are lithographs and lithographs. A lithograph by Whistler is as truly a work of art as any etching or any painting. A brief consideration of the various steps in the production of one of these lithographs will illustrate our argument. The original drawing is first made on stone or on transfer paper. This original sketch is in itself a work of art, since it is a work of delight, delight in the original conception, and delight in the facile and characteristic execution. The drawing is then etched in the stone. The handling and treatment of the stone is a matter of delight and essentially art. When finished, the stone itself is a source of delight, and would not only interest but delight any man who knows anything of lithography. So far two quite distinct works of art have been produced,—first, the drawing ; second, the etched stone. Suppose, now, the stone were turned over to some mammoth steam-power lithographing establishment, placed in one of their high-speed presses, and, with a boy to feed in the sheets, impressions were turned out ten or fifteen hundred

DELIGHT IN LABOR :

per hour. Would these impressions be works of art? Never. All art would have ceased with the preparation of the stone, the stone would remain a work of art until worn smooth, but the impressions would be no more art than so many blue prints, though the impressions would be interesting and valuable as mechanical evidences of work done by the artist.

But Whistler does not produce his lithographs in that way. After the stone is prepared he prints them himself, or has the printing done by a man who makes each impression a matter of delight, and the impressions are works of art, not only by reason of the original design and the etching in the stone, but also by reason of the delight the printer takes in his own manner and method of making the impressions. I want you to observe this distinction,—a lithograph or any other piece of printing is or is not a work of art according to the conditions under which it is printed, and not according to either the original design or the original engraving ; if this were not true, the art of printing would be deprived of half the dignity that belongs to it, and men would be taught to rely, as they very generally do, upon others for the art element. Every handicraft is a whole in itself, and no man can appropriate credit for what others do. Take the case of an ordinary lithograph : one man makes a drawing ; this may or may not be a work of art without affecting the

THE END

status of subsequent stages ; another man prepares the stone ; his work may or may not be a work of art without affecting the status of the other stages ; a third man takes the impressions ; his work may or may not be a work of art regardless of the other stages. Or, to reverse the order of the propositions, a printer who, let us assume, is an artist to his finger-tips may be handed a stone ; who designed it, he does not know ; who etched it, he does not know ; but his task is to get the finest impressions from that stone his art admits ; he experiments and tries and works with this ink and that, with this paper and that, with this amount of rubbing and that, with this amount of impression and that, until, after his own fashion and in his own manner, delighting all the time in the problem he has to solve, he turns out a few impressions, no two of which are exactly alike, and each of which pleases him in its own way. The design was not his, the stone was not his, but the printing is his, his own, and no one else's. When we see the final results we may note that the original design was probably drudgery and not art, the cutting of the stone purely mechanical and not art, but the printing we at once feel to have been the work of a master craftsman, a man delighting in what he did ; in short, an artist. Better, of course, if design, stone, and printing, all three, be works of art ; but whatever is lacking in one cannot be charged against an-

DELIGHT IN LABOR:

other. The printer is none the less an artist in his craft because designer and etcher prove bunglers and plodders in theirs. So, therefore, there is no excuse for any man to shirk his work, to fail in the endeavor to do his best, to make the most of his part, and do it after his own manner and methods. One man inspires another, and it is an inspiration to a good workman to work for a great designer, a great draughtsman, a great sculptor, a great architect, and so on ; but it is even more creditable to do the best you can to assert and display your own individuality when working under adverse circumstances.

I once saw offered for sale a collection of eighty-five Rembrandt etchings. There was no reason to doubt that each of the prints was from a plate originally by Rembrandt, and yet as works of art they were little better than valueless, scarce five or six of the entire lot being worth the keeping ; and yet early and good impressions of some of these plates are now very precious. What was the trouble ? Lack of art somewhere. The etching of the original plates was a work of supreme delight to Rembrandt, and the plates themselves were works of supreme art. After preparing his plates, the printing was again a work of supreme delight, and all of the early impressions were works of art, no two impressions were exactly alike, each was an experiment, each an attempt to improve upon all preceding,

THE END

some being more successful and therefore better than others. Then the plates passed into strange hands ; whenever a plate fell by any chance into the hands of a man who so loved his work, so delighted in the expression of his own individuality, after his own manner, that he, like Rembrandt, strove to get better and ever better effects in the printing, then the impressions were works of art ; but when the plates fell, as they often did, into the hands of men whose sole concern was to secure as many impressions as possible, to make as much money as possible, to speculate on Rembrandt's name, then the impressions taken were no more works of art than are the illustrations in our daily papers run off automatically thousands upon thousands per hour.

When delight disappears, art disappears, and from what we have already said it is apparent that in all industries wherein a number of different and successive steps are required to produce a given result, delight may be present or absent at any stage, and that stage be or be not art accordingly.

I have incidentally spoken of newspaper illustrations as not art. I do not mean, of course, that the original sketch, and the original wood-engraving, or even the original zinc etching,—for most of the newspaper illustrations are zinc etchings,—may not be works of art of their kind, but I do mean that the impressions taken from the

DELIGHT IN LABOR:

original blocks or plates are not taken under conditions which produce art.

Have you ever seen a modern high-speed, automatic newspaper printing-press at work taking the paper from a roll at one end and turning the papers out printed on both sides, folded, and counted at the rate of thousands per minute? Illustrations printed under such conditions are not and cannot be art, for how can a man printing ten hundred impressions a minute impress his individuality upon each paper, or upon each hundred, or upon each thousand papers? In a very general way a great pressman may leave the impress of his skill upon the whole edition, and by the better appearance of his paper, as compared with other papers, prove his superiority as a pressman, but by so doing he simply proves himself a fine mechanic. To a very limited extent his delight in his work, if he has any, may exhibit itself in the exploiting of certain ideas of his own, in the handling and management of his paper, inks, and presses; but this interest, or even delight in his work, produces but a modicum of art, for the reason that the conditions are such that it is impossible for him to manifest his delight in his own thought and his own manner of expressing his thought; the conditions are too unyielding. In the printing of a modern newspaper there is but one part man and ninety-nine parts machine, and the man

THE END

part is nearly all mechanic ; the proportions might be stated to be one part individuality and originality, ninety-nine parts good mechanic, nine hundred parts machine,—the only room for art is in that one one-thousandth part.

In the preparation of the illustrations themselves for the great daily press very little art enters, as a rule. Now and then we see the work of a man who, we feel, must have delighted in what he had in mind and in his own characteristic manner of expressing his thought ; somehow or other the work of such a man immediately catches our eye and fixes our attention when we open our papers ; it is as if out of a babel of sounds, a clear, strong voice made itself heard ; we appreciate the message of a man who has something to say and says it. But where there is one such newspaper illustrator, there are hundreds whose sole object is to make more or less mechanically and photographically exact representations of whatever the necessities of the situation require. They have absolutely no delight in their work ; it is drudgery, dreary, plodding, mechanical drudgery. In fact, nowadays, the camera is made use of as a labor-saving device, just enough manual dexterity being thrown in to adapt the negatives to the particular end desired. While sketching is disappearing before the camera, wood-engraving is yielding to zinc etching, photogravure, and all the different kinds and sorts of process

DELIGHT IN LABOR:

work, wherein mechanical devices and appliances and chemicals take the place of the eye and hand of the old engraver. There is not much room for the display of art by the zinc etcher, for the zinc etcher is no etcher at all in the true sense of the term,—no more of an etcher than is the brass moulder an engraver of brass.

Mechanical processes produce only pseudo-art. The taste of the people is being vitiated by the so-called "beautiful" illustrations of our periodicals and so-called art books. Unconsciously we find ourselves accepting as art the marvellously smooth productions of almost purely mechanical processes, and, what is worse, we find ourselves positively rejecting as inferior, sketches, drawings, engravings, which are true art, simply because, in smoothness and finish and outward semblance, they do not seem so perfect as the machine work. And, unhappily, this preference for machine-made things in all branches of industry is increasing. Machine work is so uniform, so glossy, so smoothly sand-papared, that it is asserting itself blatantly as the standard of perfection, whereas, in reality, it is but a sign of decadence.

If you place a good print from a Japanese wood-cut beside a fine half-tone illustration, the contrast is so great that the chances are you will at once discard as crude and grotesque, and far inferior, the Japanese print; and yet the one is true art, and the other pseudo-art; and the longer

THE END

you look at the one, the more you like it, while the longer you look at the other, the less you care for it.

What is it that makes the Japanese print—the print itself, mind you—as distinguished from the original design and the original engraving—art, whereas the magazine print, as distinguished from the original drawing and engraving, not art? The presence of the human element, delight, in the one ; and the utter absence of it in the other. The Japanese printer takes as much interest, as much delight, and displays as much individuality in the manner in which he prints from his wood-cut as did the artist in designing it, or the engraver in engraving it ; while, at the very best, in the case of our magazine illustrations, all delight ceases with the engraver ; or, if it be a half-tone,—and half-tones are the very acme of pseudo-art in illustration,—there is no delight at all from photograph to printed page.

“All Japanese wood-engravings, whether in black or in colors, are cut upon wood, usually on the heart-wood of the cherry-tree. The designer and the engraver are almost always two different artists. The famous Japanese artist Hokusai had his own engravers, whom he held in high esteem. The original picture was drawn for the engraver upon their translucent paper of a particular kind, and pasted face downward upon the wood. All undue thickness in the paper was then removed

DELIGHT IN LABOR:

by careful scrapings until the design was clearly visible. The borders of the outline were then incised, very lightly in the more delicate parts, with a knife made for the purpose, and the spaces between the lines of the drawing finally excavated by means of tools of various shapes. It will be noted that in this process the original drawing is necessarily destroyed, and that is why so few original designs for Japanese wood-cuts have been preserved ; but some there are that happened not to be engraved, and they are treasured as highly as other originals. Apparently the engraver had little to do save follow the lines of the design pasted as it was on the block, and yet his interpretation of the artist's idea would sometimes be very independent ;" in other words, instead of sinking his own individuality, he expressed himself in his work, and left upon it the impress of his own individuality.

In printing the wood-cut the ink is applied with a brush, and the impression made by hand-pressure, assisted by a kind of pad, "to which procedure may be attributed much of the beauty of the result. Certain gradations of tone, and even polychromatic effects, may be produced from a simple block by suitable application of ink or color upon the wood ; and on looking at these examples it is often apparent that a great deal of artistic feeling had been exercised in the execution of the picture after the designer and engraver had

THE END

finished their portion of the work." Certain color effects were secured by simply so wiping the inked blocked with a cloth as to have exactly the effects desired.

Even a description so brief as the foregoing indicates a process in every step of which may be exercised art of the purest kind. No mechanical process intervenes, but from beginning to end some human hand is in contact with the work, and some human being is leaving the impress of his individuality. Delight is possible in every detail. It may not be there, and the result may be as monotonous and uninteresting as our own mechanical productions, but it is very apt to be present, and, as a matter of fact, was present in all the good Japanese wood-prints, so conspicuously present that art lovers are eager to secure old prints.

The points to be noted in the description of the processes are, first, the delight of the artist in expressing his individuality in the original drawing; second, the delight of the engraver in expressing his individuality in the cutting of the design; third, the delight of the printer in the expression of his individuality in taking the impressions.

I have spoken of printing, engraving, and lithographing, and have tried to show that art is possible in all these occupations, that it is possible for the man doing any branch of the work to exhibit individuality and originality in what he

DELIGHT IN LABOR:

does, to delight in his own conceptions and in his own methods of execution. Let us turn for a moment to carpentry and building.

A man is clothed in the garments he wears and the house he lives in, for a house is but his great outer garment. And the making of clothes and the building of houses are the most important of all the handicrafts. The arts of painting, sculpture, and architecture are quite subordinate to the great handicraft of building, and the finest painting and the finest sculpture the world has known have been produced simply to decorate and adorn great edifices. Things have come to such a pass that painting no longer recognizes architecture, and sculpture stands aloof from both.

In the practice of modern architecture the builder stands midway between the architect who designs and the artisans who execute, he has come to be the contractor who undertakes for a stipulated sum to do the work in a stipulated time under penalty of so much per day; he is the taskmaster, the slave-driver, the keeper of the goad, the instrument of the refined oppression of modern industrial conditions.

Once upon a time the builder was a great man in the community,—frequently both architect and artisan, always in close and friendly touch with all who had anything to do with the work in hand.

In the subterranean church of San Clemente in Rome there is a fresco of the eighth century

THE END

which depicts a master builder "directing his men in the moving of a marble column, and with the naïve simplicity of the primitive artist each man's name is written beside him. Albertel and Cosmaris are dragging up the column with a rope, the sons of Pute, who are possibly novices, are helping them, while Carvoncelle is lifting it from behind with a lever." That is the way they worked in olden days when building was both an art and a pleasure,—an art because it was a pleasure ; the humblest artisans, down to the very apprentices, were of sufficient importance to have their names identified with what they did. The credit did not all go to an architect who prepared the designs but may never have seen one stone laid upon another ; it did not go to some contractor whose sole interest was in the completion of the work with the least expenditure of time and money ; but both the credit and the responsibility were shared by designer, builder, and artisans in equal measure.

In mediæval days bishops, monks, and missionaries had in their train builders, stone-cutters, and craftsmen with whom they worked. When Pope Gregory sent the monk Augustine to convert the British in the year 598, he sent with him masons and mechanics that the people might be provided with places for worship. Many a dignitary, like Sir Hugh of Lincoln, could plan a church, direct the workmen, and handle a hod. "In the church

DELIGHT IN LABOR:

of S. Francesca at Lodi is an interesting old painting, representing S. Bernardino directing a group of monks engaged in building a convent."

In those early days men worked together, shoulder to shoulder, hand to hand, each one vitally interested in what all were doing. It was not a mere matter of wages, of time and money, but all were solicitous of the result. Men were educated to be good workmen, they were skilled in more than one craft and art.

In Tuscany, for instance, there was first "the school where novices were trained in the three sister arts,—painting, sculpture, and architecture." Then "there was the *laborerium*, or great workshop, where all the hewing of stone, carving of columns, cutting up of wood-work was done,—in fact, the head-quarters of the brethren who had passed the schools, but were not yet masters." Lastly, there was the *Opera*, or office of administration, composed, in all important works, of masters and influential citizens of the city for which the work was to be done. "If there was a reigning prince he was usually elected president. In the *Opera* all commissions were given, or contracts signed between the city and the masters, every contract being duly drawn up in legal manner by the notary of the *Opera*."

In May, 1386, the Archbishop of Milan addressed a circular letter to his clergy calling for the building of a cathedral. A year later a

THE END

meeting was held, and an elaborate organization perfected ; superintendents, accountants, treasurer, arbiters, lawyer, notary, and a chief architect were chosen.

From the accounts preserved it appears that the chief architect worked at manual labor with his men, and when he did, he drew pay for such services like any other common laborer. There were great meetings of the principal citizens and the church dignitaries at which all the masters engaged upon the work were present and gave their opinions as to progress and results. The building of the cathedral was the concern of the entire city ; every citizen was as much interested as if personally engaged upon the work. Once the proportions and strength of the duomo were criticized by a German master-builder ; thereupon "public discussions were raised as to the validity of his objections," and a great meeting was held at which many masters appeared and were heard, and the objections were held to be without foundation.

In those old days, "before the painters and sculptors, and after them the metal-workers, split off and formed companies of their own, every kind of decoration was practised by the masters. A church was not complete unless it were adorned, in its whole height and breadth with either sculpture, mosaic, or paintings, and this from the very early times of Constantine and his Byzantine

DELIGHT IN LABOR :

mosaicists, and of Queen Theodalinda and her fresco-painters, up to the revival of mosaics by Cosmati, and the fresco-painting in the Tuscan schools. But never were those arts entirely lost."

Such were the conditions of wide-spread interest and delight which produced some of the noblest architecture the world has known. The arts and the crafts worked together in such perfect harmony that no man could draw a line between labor that was a craft and labor that was an art ; the only distinction being that in those occupations that were commonly known as crafts there was less opportunity for the display of imagination, originality, and delight than in the occupations commonly known as arts. The task of the stone-cutter differed from that of the sculptor in opportunity for the expression of individuality, in the amount of delight that could be exhibited in conception and execution ; the stone-cutter was confined within narrower limits by conditions of construction, whereas the sculptor could give more or less play to his individuality ; yet it is entirely clear that every man who had aught to do with the work felt a share of the responsibility ; every man was an artist in his own way, every man took some delight in what he was individually doing.

A Gothic cathedral bears the " mark of the tool " on every stone, it is stamped with the impress of individuality everywhere ; so interesting are the smallest details that they have been photographed

THE END

and reproduced broadcast over the civilized world. And long before Gothic architecture was dreamed of, the arts and crafts were co-operating to produce beautiful results. In the fourth century St. Gregory describes the glory of a Christian shrine as follows : "There the artificer has fashioned wood into the shape of animals ; and the stone-cutter has polished the slabs to the smoothness of silver ; and the painter has introduced the flowers of his art, depicting and imaging the constancy of the martyrs. . . . All these things as it were in a book gifted with speech ; shaping for us by means of colors, has he cunningly discoursed to us of the martyr's struggles, has made this temple glorious as some brilliant fertile mead. For the silent tracery on the walls has the art to discourse, and to aid most powerfully. And he who has arranged the mosaics has made this pavement on which we tread equal to a history."

The more we search out the conditions under which the great and beautiful temples of the earth were built, the more clearly does it appear that beauty in the results achieved was in direct proportion to the co-operation and interdependence of the arts, and to the opportunity afforded for the workmen—high and low—to delight in the manner of their work and in its object.

Consider, for instance, the pyramids which rear their sombre peaks above the shifting sands of the

DELIGHT IN LABOR:

desert,—grim monsters of oppression's brutal sway ; no joy entered into their huge construction, only the fear and superstition which could sacrifice the lives of millions to preserve the body of one. From conditions so gloomy no beauty could result.

In time the co-operation between the arts and the crafts ceased. In the fourteenth century the painters who had co-operated in building the cathedrals seceded and founded guilds of their own. "Here we will leave the painters, who no longer have any connection with the great Masonic guild. That fraternity, nevertheless, forms the link of connection between the old classic art and the Renaissance in painting, as in all the other branches. Without we should have had no grand frescoes by Giotto, the Lorenzetti, the Memmi, and the Gaddi, for the lodges at Sienna and Florence trained their art ; and it is a certain fact that after the secession of the painters, the glorious days of fresco-painting were over. The painters no longer worked together to beautify every inch of the churches built by the brotherhood, but they painted for themselves, for personal fame and money. Madonnas, votive pictures, and portraits multiplied ; the commission and the patron ruled the art. Imagination and inspiration rarely dominated, except in rare cases like Fra Angelico, Fra Bartolommeo, Raphael, and Michael Angelo, and other of the greatest masters who stand forth

THE END

from the crowd of artists, endowed with true genius."

After the painters the sculptors ; after the sculptors the metal-workers, until one by one the several arts and crafts formed guilds of their own and worked in a spirit of jealous independence and rivalry rather than harmonious co-operation.

And so matters have gone on until in these days of ours the painter locks the door of his studio and produces easel pictures which, as compared with glorious frescoes and mural decorations, are just little curios in art and nothing more ; the sculptor behind barred doors produces small groups, figures, and statuettes which, as compared with the superb sculptures of the golden age, are trivial and insignificant ; the architect, abandoned by painter and sculptor, builds great structures which are cold, barren, and lifeless for lack of the vitality of form and the enthusiasm of color which made their prototypes sublime.

Building was once the affair of the entire community ; it is now the concern of a number of jealous units. The stone-mason stands aloof from the bricklayer, the bricklayer acknowledges no affiliation with the carpenter, the carpenter cares naught for the painter, the painter looks with jealous eye upon the decorator,—and so on ; each has his own particular union or guild, and wherever it is attempted to bring together in one

DELIGHT IN LABOR:

central body the several unions it is not for the purpose of co-operating in the doing of better work, but solely to increase wages, or in some manner better the terms of employment.

With this specialization of occupations all delight in the work has faded out ; it is impossible that a man who is employed for only a few days to place a few stones or lay a few bricks, and is then transferred to some other place, should feel any interest or delight in his work ; how can he care for the final result when he sees neither the plans nor their completion ?

What is true of the humbler crafts is equally true of the fine arts ; they have been reduced to the very refinement of specialization, the poet works by himself, the musician by himself, the painter by himself,—each looks upon the other as an alien, and each in a measure is jealous of the success of the other.

Nowadays, if a painter is called upon to decorate the walls of a building, he does not deem it necessary to see the structure, to even visit the city or country where it is ; all he asks is the size of the space, and in his studio he paints a canvas to cover the walls ; the traditions and the requirements of the community are a matter of entire indifference to him ; what his brother artists are going to do with their adjoining spaces he cares not,—in fact he would consider it a sign of weakness if he conferred with them and endeav-

THE END

ored to harmonize his notions and designs with theirs ; and he is all the better pleased with himself if his work is so "original," so "strong," so "individual," in short, so *bizarre* as to clash with and assert itself above the work of others. As for any great meeting of all who are employed upon and interested in the work for the purpose of criticizing, suggesting, approving, the modern painter, sculptor, or architect would not tolerate such interference with his independence and isolation.

And the people have come to believe that one art has no necessary relation with another art. In a vague sort of a way men do recognize some connection between sculpture and architecture, for buildings that are built of stone do have more or less carving about them, but this stone carving is left for the most part to stone-cutters who have exactly the same interest in their work as the stone-mason has in his, neither less nor more ; they have before them a tracing, and it is their business to reproduce as accurately and mechanically, above all, as quickly as possible, the design ; or, what is more common, they have a stencil which enables them to trace mechanically the pattern on the stone, and so their tools are guided without requiring the intervention of either judgment or taste. Compared with the rude carvings, the queer heads and gargoyles of Gothic architecture, the modern work is precision

DELIGHT IN LABOR:

itself, but it is dead and lifeless ; the work of old was a labor of love, of life, of enthusiasm, of individuality ; the work of to-day is drudgery and nothing more.

The connection nowadays between architecture and sculpture is more apparent than real ; in truth it does not exist ; there is neither partnership nor co-operation. No great sculptor of to-day is working hand in hand with a great architect to produce a perfect whole. If, perchance, a sculptor is asked to do some particular piece of work for some building, it is usually the committee, the association, the society, or the public body which has charge of the work that employs the sculptor ; he has nothing to do with the architect ; more than likely the two are far from friendly and decidedly jealous,—nevertheless the sculptor quite by himself goes ahead with what he has to do regardless of the certainty that his work, produced under such conditions, never can completely harmonize with its setting.

As for painting no one thinks of associating it intimately with either architecture or sculpture. The modern notion of painting as an art is bounded by a gilt frame, and we are completely reconciled to great collections of paintings which, like so many open books, stare us in the face, each crying pathetically its message and begging our attention. Now painting, as a fine art, cannot be confined within the stifling dimensions of

THE END

a gold frame, nor is it bounded by the four sides of a gallery, no matter how grand the collection. Painting, like music and poetry, is for the purpose of making life more beautiful ; it is not for the purpose of gratifying the avarice of a collector ; it is not for the purpose of making a display of heterogeneous minor pieces. The adornment of architecture is the noblest sphere of painting, as it is the highest place for sculpture.

The imagination can conceive no nobler work than a structure architecturally perfect, dignified by sculpture, adorned with paintings, the home of music and poetry, and devoted to the noblest aspirations of man. Compared with such a perfect and harmonious whole, of what account is the most beautiful picture ever painted, the most perfect statue ever carved from a fragment of marble ?

It is so easy to do small things well, it is so easy to work by ourselves regardless of others, it is so easy to be what is called "independent" and "original ;" and it is so difficult, so very difficult, to subordinate ourselves to others, to co-operate with others, to so work as to get out the best there is in not one, but a body of men ; it is so hard to say, "My art shall be your art, and your art shall be my art, and together we will produce that which no man living could do alone." It seems as if that sort of co-operation comes but now and then in centuries, that it is the fruition of the ages,

DELIGHT IN LABOR :

that it is not a matter of willing. Just now we are quite content with our poems by themselves, our music by itself, our paintings by themselves, and we turn from one to the other as from stranger to stranger. When we hear the painter speak in terms of contempt of the poet or of the musician there is no feeling of irritation in our breast ; when we hear the sculptor refer patronizingly to the architect we do not resent it ; that they should be strangers strikes us quite natural.

We pride ourselves upon our advancement, yet our hands have lost their cunning, our fingers are grown clumsy with disuse. "The old Etruscan artists used mechanical agents which are now unknown to us, and were able to separate and join pieces of gold hardly perceptible to the naked eye. Modern workmen have failed in their attempts to exactly imitate the old ornaments. Nor do we know how the ancient processes of milling, soldering, and wire drawing were carried on. We are late, therefore, to admire not alone the elegance and the beauty of the Greek and Etruscan granulated and filigree works in gold, but the mode of execution also."

In the glorious days of the Renaissance, the greatest artists did not find it beneath them to produce articles devoted to humble uses. Every great collection contains hundreds of domestic implements and household utensils such as candlesticks, fire-dogs, bowls, knockers, inkstands, and

THE END

innumerable small bronzes and wrought-iron pieces designed and ornamented by men who took keen delight in what they were doing.

The South Kensington Museum contains many beautiful examples of this early metal work,—daggers with handles of richly chiselled iron; an almost infinite variety of locks, bolts, keys, escutcheons, and hinges, each a work of art because a labor of love. Is it not strange that with all our extravagance in building, all our ambition to excel in our homes and houses, we are quite content with the wretched machine-made hinges, locks, keys, and knobs on our doors. One look at a hand-wrought sixteenth century lock and bolt ought to fill us with discontent with what we have, and mad desire for what we might have.

In early days man tried his best to make things beautiful. “Barbaric as some of the uses of many of the relics of remote antiquity may appear, we find that no object is too mean to be made agreeable to the eye. The same impulse which induced the old Celt or Frank to adorn himself with toques or brooches led him to decorate those objects with such fanciful ornaments as he could conceive, or his rude tools permit him to execute. An absolute freedom of individual design unquestionably prevailed. Hence out of the numberless examples of enamelled jewelry which have been found in the graves of buried chiefs, though

DELIGHT IN LABOR:

all have a certain similarity in form, scarcely any two are identical in ornamentation. However complicated may be the system of knotwork which is the ordinary feature of the enriched compartments, each artist seems to have originated something expressly for himself. It is this fertility of fancy, coupled often with rare dexterity in workmanship, which gives their principal charm to these old jewels, uninfluenced as they were by any directing guide of traditional style or scientific training."

It is immaterial what branch of human industry you study, whether metal-work, wood-work, furniture, enamels, ivories, potteries, porcelains, glassware, mosaics, lace, or textile fabrics, the beautiful examples are in the past, all of them long before the age of steam, long before the advent of automatic machinery. So accustomed are we to the monotonous mechanical dreariness of the present that we look upon the beautiful old examples of handicraft and talk without regret of the "lost arts." We know we are not producing the like, and hastily assume the art is lost, whereas it is only neglected. No art is ever really lost—that is impossible. No man may live who can produce the like; the artists may be dead, but art is not a personal attribute, the art does not die with the artist; art is the outcome of conditions; given like conditions like art will result. In one very profound sense every art of a past age is lost, since

THE END

the conditions which fostered it can never be exactly reproduced, but art as good will come when the conditions are as favorable, and art far better must come as conditions call for it. Just now we do not demand either the art of yesterday or the art of to-morrow ; we are well content with our sordid present. Our mouths are filled with hollow regrets for the beautiful things that are past, but in our souls we are only too well satisfied with our material prosperity. This slothful content must give way to restless discontent before the arts that are "lost" can be recovered, but be assured when you really long for good things, when you feel that you must have them, they will come, and every art, every handicraft that for the time being has disappeared from off the face of the earth will come back, or rather will spring up in your midst as if it had slumbered all these centuries.

There is no occupation wherein a man may not to some extent display some originality, some independence, some thought of his own, in a manner peculiarly his own ; and in whatever calling you find a man delighting in some thought of his own, and at the same time delighting in his manner of expressing his thought, there you will find at least some art. It may be that conditions so hamper him that great freedom is not possible. It may be that arbitrary requirements are such as to compel almost abject servility to

DELIGHT IN LABOR :

some plan, some type, some pattern, some command, order, or contract, so that originality and independence are almost eliminated, still if somewhere, in some detail, in some effect, in some way, the workman finds room for the expression of his own ideas, his own conceptions, in his own way, and delights in the liberty, to that extent he produces art, and to that extent is he an artist as distinguished from a mechanic. Not a living soul may see and discover his art,—the world may be ignorant that somewhere he gave rein to his fancy and did something artistic,—if he is a bricklayer, the wood-work may hide it ; if he is a carpenter, the painter may cover it ; if he is a painter, dust, dirt, or wall-paper may conceal it, but it matters not, art depends not upon appreciation, though encouraged by it ; the attitude of the worker is the test. A blacksmith whistling at his forge may fashion a horseshoe after some fancy of his own and watch with delight the soft red iron take shape beneath his blows ; when cold he finds that in some manner he has impressed his individuality upon his work, so that he could pick the shoe out of a thousand, even as he would know his own child among a million. No one sees the shoe, it is nailed to the hoof of a horse and soon worn thin ; but it was a work of art as much as if it had been hung for all time above a palace door for the admiration of the people. What is done with a work of art cannot affect the art in it. A

THE END

painting may go to the Louvre or be destroyed on the easel,—it is a painting and a work of art so long as it exists, no matter what becomes of it. A piece of wrought-iron may stand, like Matsys' well in the square at Antwerp, for the delight of generations, or it may be used up in more practical ways,—what becomes of it does not determine whether it is or is not art. The smith who loves his work, who finds pleasure in it, who compels the glowing iron to speak to him, who impresses his individuality upon everything he turns out, is an artist.

It is plain, however, that different employments afford widely different scopes for display of artistic ability. A blacksmith, for instance, cannot exercise the same freedom of fancy and imagination in making horseshoes that the goldsmith can exercise in making jewelry. The practical requirements in making horseshoes are such that a man is compelled to adhere very closely to approved forms. There is not the room for ornament or design.

In the dim, distant beginning of things there was more freedom, and, so far as art is concerned, all crafts stood upon about the same footing. In the primitive world it mattered not whether a man was fashioning a weapon out of stone, or making a paddle out of wood, or making a tent of skins, or clothing of furs,—the opportunities for the exercise of originality, of fancy, of imagi-

DELIGHT IN LABOR :

nation, were about the same. There were no stereotyped models ; the practical requirements were not so exacting. One has but to look at a collection of primitive weapons, implements, pottery, clothing, etc., to see at once the great variety,—each man seems to have wrought about as he desired. But in time as ornament and design become conventionalized, so do the implements, weapons, clothing, and various products follow more and more fixed models and yield more and more to the arbitrary requirements of the uses for which they are intended. Some industries and pursuits yield more quickly and more completely than others. If I were to attempt to name the order in which the various pursuits and industries of mankind became practical and mechanical, I should say,—

The food-producing pursuits tend first of all to become practical and mechanical. Man's necessities compel him to make a business of getting food, and everything yields to the necessity of securing the largest amount of food with the least amount of labor. But even in the food-producing industries,—including, of course, the food-preparing industries,—there is room for the exercise of art.

Second, the clothes-producing industries yield next to practical requirements and tend to become mechanical and conventional, though climate has much to do with this. In hot climates

THE END

clothing is an art rather than a necessity, and remains to the advent of "civilization" largely a matter of adornment and delight. The exigencies of cold climates limit the range of fancy.

Third, the shelter-producing industries yield early to practical requirements, though, as we have seen, they never yield completely.

These three great primary industries, food-producing, clothes-producing, and shelter-producing, have in the course of time come to be exceedingly practical, so much so that the very use of the term "art" in connection with them seems to most people strange and forced, and yet in the beginning art entered largely into each. In the beginning the husbandmen not only labored, but delighted more or less in his own manner and method of labor,—was an artist as well as an artisan. In the beginning the fashioner of clothes labored, but also delighted in his own manner and method of making and adorning his garments. In the beginning the builder of shelters labored, but also delighted in his own manner and method of constructing shelters,—in short, the artist was as conspicuous as the artisan; mere copying of conventional models was almost unknown. To the savage it is easier to originate something than copy exactly. He may intend to copy, but his effort will usually result in wide departures and variations which please him and his tribe.

DELIGHT IN LABOR:

In countries where machines have not taken the place of manual skill and dexterity, there is still more or less art in these primary industries, but in all countries, like ours, where food, clothing, and shelter, and in fact much else, are produced almost entirely by machines and mechanical processes, art is confined to a remnant, freedom is next to impossible, fancy frowned upon, and imagination scoffed at.

Ours is the age of commercialism and industrialism, of production for trade rather than for pleasure. Men "collect" nowadays; they do not hunt for and acquire this or that beautiful work of art for the pleasure it is going to give them and their children from generation to generation,—not at all; pictures are bought as investments, porcelains as speculations, books for their bindings,—the commercial instinct dominates. We are quick to trade, keen to sell, abnormally alive to the advantages of a bargain. No man buys or builds a home without a thought of its future value. In this busy country of ours few men expect to die in the houses they live in, and none looks forward to his grandchildren occupying the same home; that every place will sooner or later be sold is taken as a matter of course.

The production of what we call wealth is beyond the dreams of avarice; figures stagger under the effort to adequately record the output of material things; but how poor and tawdry the

THE END

outcome ; our wealth is quantity, not quality ; we revel in everything the mind can conceive, but possess little the heart ought to desire. This is pre-eminently the age of machinery, of mechanical production, of automatic energy. By the aid of machinery we gather our food, make our clothes, build our homes, and progress is traced by inventions rather than achievements. Never before has the world abounded with so much that is useful and, in comparison, so little that is beautiful. In all truth the useful and the beautiful are one ; for the most beautiful things man can create must be the most nobly useful ; but we do not recognize this great truth ; we look upon beauty as one thing and upon usefulness as quite another ; we have come to think of the two qualities as in some way antagonistic, in some way exclusive each of the other. In time these notions will give way, and we will recognize the truth that the loftiest ends in life require the noblest, purest, and most beautiful means, that even for all humble purposes the fitness of the instrument is in direct proportion to its beauty.

Even now there are signs that the American people are tiring of their triumphant industrialism, tiring of the production and accumulation of the sort of wealth we have been accumulating, and are longing for better things. There is a very perceptible demand for better things. Hand-work is coming into fashion, machine-work is

DELIGHT IN LABOR :

falling into disrepute. People are tiring of ugly monotony and require the infinite variety that springs from the expression of individuality. The signs are not portentous in size, but are encouraging in number. The respect for old things, old houses, old furniture, old tapestries, old fabrics, old pictures, is encouraging ; it is not a sign of vitality, for to copy the past is never a sign of vitality ; but it is the sign of an awakening, for when the people become familiar with the old which is good, they will demand a new which will be better.

All that is monotonous and ugly, stiff, ungainly, and awkward in our age is incidental to the commercialism and industrialism of the age ; it is not our fault, it is the outward sign of our present virtue. We are so absorbed in material pursuits that we have no time to cultivate the beautiful ; we have no time to read poetry, no time to listen to good music, no time to spend days in studying good pictures, no time to sit for hours before great sculpture, no time to spend years in the contemplation of noble architecture, no time to devote the best attention there is in us to every detail in the furnishing and ornamentation of our homes,—we buy things ready-made. So long as this condition of thing exists it is idle to expect art to flourish ; where the demand for art is small the supply will correspond. When we want good things they will be produced for us. Silent

THE END

Shakespeares and idle Angelos await your summons ; they will not come at the call of hollow pretence, but when you want them so badly you cannot live without them, they will arise to do your bidding.

THE END.

#8.
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